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MARY TUDOR AND THOMAS CRANMER.

PART FIRST.

MARY TUDOR.

"Good name in man or woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls."
(*Othello*.)

Characters, like comets, disappear in space, and return at stated intervals. Unchanged by time, they step upon the old stage, before a new audience, to receive a truer estimate of virtue, or a corroboration of such evil influences as have left a trail, beyond the power of the partisan favoritism of centuries to expunge. Justice is both benign and retributive. She stands upon the verge of ages, with scales in poise, awaiting the moment when the *fiat* of truth points the hour, to drop into the balance the last unit, that will change the darkness of opprobrium into the glory of an untarnished name, or seal with oblivion the false claimant of unmerited praise.

The recent lyric drama of Mr. Tennyson cannot fail to revive the interest that must always centre

in Mary Tudor, as the first female sovereign *regnant* of England, and one so painfully prominent in the history of both Church and State. Slowly, it is true, yet persistently, has the wheel of justice been turning in vindication of this woman; and her motto, "*Time unveils Truth*," which proved her support and forlorn hope during life, now tones the solemn ring of a prophecy, which will yet attain, in years to come, a more perfect vibration. In view then of the mass of testimony and crowd of witnesses, it is amazing that so erudite a scholar as Mr. Tennyson could stoop to adopt the vulgar and obsolete picture painted by Burnet and Hume, and more recently revarnished by the venomous brush so deftly handled by Mr. Froude, whenever any notability wearing the livery of the Catholic Church happens to come under his notice.

By endorsing and reiterating the exploded epithet of "Bloody" Mary,

Mr. Tennyson is either ignorant or conveniently forgets that the title was earned and applied to Henry VIII., when he armed himself with fire and sword against all who denied his supremacy. Thus, contrary to reason and facts, the poet yet stoops to mirror Mary in the crimson blaze of the fagots that for three centuries have cast their lurid glare from the tomb of Cranmer over the woman whom in life he injured, and wronged up to his last moment of power. All the woes of her life she owed to this arch-traitor and apostate; and had it depended alone upon his will and machinations, she would have been excluded from her rightful inheritance; as it is, the unmerited odium still attached to her name is mainly due to the *role* that he played in that great drama of the Reformation, in which, according to Macaulay, "we should see, not merely a schism which changed the ecclesiastical constitution of England and the mutual relations of the European powers, but a *moral war*, which raged in every family; which set the father against the son, and the mother against the daughter," thereby dissolving and severing every tie that had previously been cemented by the beneficent sway of religion and love. A retrospective glance at the condition of England previous to the Reformation, will show how fatal to all her interests that schism proved.

From the hour that the sword of the Duke of Richmond was buried in the heart of the tyrant Richard, on the field of Bosworth, the dove of peace and unity spread her wings over the nation. All the old and open causes of rupture, the contentions between the crown and the mighty barons, the discontents and jealousies of the lower orders, as expressed in the rebellions of Tyler and Jack Cade, had ceased.

Vassalage was at an end, a religion purified of all heresy sanctified the new *regime* by a bond of per-

fect unity in Church and State. But this glimpse of a "golden age of union and glory," was dispelled by the first distant muttering of those events that led to the outburst of the so-called Reformation. Conceived by the vilest passions of one man, it bore the legitimate fruit of corruption, contention, and disruption of the social and true heart-life of the nation. Revolution, proscription, persecution for 250 years, were the precious results of this one man's will, and oceans of blood, and a hecatomb of victims, yet stand as a monument to brand his name with everlasting infamy.

History portrays the picture of a truly happy royal household, before the demon of covetous passion had entered the heart of Henry. His youth gave promise of a rich fruition from the brave and generous nature inherited from his father and in the first years of their married life perfect unity in affection and sentiment existed between him and the beautiful Catharine. So equally mated were they in religious zeal, beauty and culture, that Erasmus styled their home "a seat of Muses"—before the apple of discord was thrown therein. Grieved over the loss of the two first-born children—heirs to the throne—a double joy filled the hearts of the united pair, when their little daughter Mary came to bless them. Her father took such delight in her childish grace and precociousness, that, contrary to the usual court etiquette, he refused to yield her over to any other guardianship, but kept her, says Miss. Strickland, in the royal apartments until her fourth year.

But soon the scene was changed for the little idol; peace and unity were shattered by unlawful passion, and a defiant will; justice, affection and humanity were thrown from their shrine, and thenceforth the two who had been the objects

of his purest affections were hurled into banishment, and branded with dishonor.

In casting off the lovely and noble wife of his youth, all the better qualities of Henry deserted him. Not content with blighting her happiness, he also stooped to a parsimony so mean as to deprive her of the essential comforts necessary to her position, beside retaining the richest portion of her jewels and apparel. The generous, impressionable nature of a child grasps readily the phases that affect the lives of those it loves. Intuition takes the place of reason, and facts, of logic. At the time of separation between Henry VIII. and Catharine of Arragon, Mary was at an age when she most needed the guidance and companionship of a mother. Then it was that the clouds gathered, and shut her out not only from those sweet communings, but also separated her from the friends and counselors who alone could sympathize and direct her future. Deprived next of her legal rights, and all appurtenances of her rank, the injury was rendered heavier by the insult of being compelled to witness her mother's double humiliation, in the exaltation of her rival Anne Boleyn and the usurpation of her own claims in the person of the baby Elizabeth. Not even the consolation of communicating by letter with that abandoned mother was allowed her; and lest she might be too severely tempted, a threat of the penalty of death was used to enforce obedience (Strickland).

Next to her mother in the affections of this young girl, stood the noble Countess of Salisbury, the mother of Reginald Pole. From her guardianship she had never been separated; and her character is a sufficient guarantee of the support and guidance such a person would have been to one so forlorn, envied as she was by the threats of the king, the machinations of

Cromwell and Cranmer, and the daily taunts and pettyspites of Anne Boleyn and her court favorites. If, in the extremity of her desolation, Mary Tudor ever entertained a hope of being restored to these beloved friends, it was soon destroyed by the axe, that ruthlessly laid low the head of the brave lady Salisbury, her mother's chaplain, father Abell, and also her confessor, father Forster, together with her own favorite tutor, Dr. Featherstone. And yet that fearful altar of sacrifice, *Smithfield*, is associated with Queen Mary's name, as if she alone had kindled its fires, and kept the embers aglow with her breath.

Thus for fidelity to God, and adherence to the principles of religious and moral virtues, did these noble ones give their lives; but as Ruskin beautifully says, "The flames of sacrifice can illumine as well as consume."

Could any nature, weaker than one made adamant by divine grace, resist the effect of such a crushing, hardening process upon the tender fibres of a heart just in the glow of youthful trust and hope? And yet we find by the records of those who were in daily intercourse with her, that beyond the heart-anguish of these trials, Mary's temper remained serene, and no evidence of ill-feeling betrayed itself toward those who by their own elevation had tacitly sealed the death-warrant of all she loved best. More than ever, she devoted herself to the amusement of her little sister Elizabeth, devising various methods of adding to her happiness. When, at a later period, they were both under the ban (created by Anne's removal for Jane Seymour,) and shut up as prisoners at Hunsdon castle, suffering from neglect and the need of many personal comforts, Mary's courage rose not for herself, but for the little sister, for whom she interceded in a touching letter to Henry, stating that

they were "meanly lodged and poorly clothed," and though she knew that even to mention the banned child's name at that time was a risk, yet she bravely faces it, thus: "My sister Elizabeth is such a child as I doubt not but your highness shall have cause to rejoice of in time to come."* Only a magnanimous character could act thus disinterestedly.

When retribution overtook Anne Boleyn, her mind was more troubled in her death-hour by her unjust and cruel treatment of Mary, than by the grave sins of which she was accused. From her, and her alone, says Miss. Strickland, she left with lady Kingston an earnest plea for pardon—a strong, though tacit acknowledgment that Mary had never given her cause for aught but kindness. So far there is no evidence of the existence of either envy or jealousy in her character; and surely if such dark traits were latent therein, she was then just of an age, when they would have been most apparent. It is in youth that the desire for love, admiration and position, are the strongest. Even amiable, lovable temperaments, then, are often betrayed into jealousy, by being slightly put aside for another more favored. It is the experience alone of later years that disciplines these natural feelings. Mary, it is true, was old enough, and sufficiently well acquainted with diplomacy, to measure her own chance of succession against that of Elizabeth. But she bore just as unimpeachably the death-blow to her prospects in the advent of Edward VI.—not only expressing pleasure at his birth, but she confirmed it by holding him at the baptismal fount, in the character of god-mother.

All those years of change and vicissitude, of deprivation of the

* "Men and Women of the Reformation," S. H. Burke.

pleasures natural to youth, were used by Mary for mental improvement. Even her enemies admit the extent of her acquirements in solid branches, as well as her accomplishments in needle-work and music, together with her culture in languages and literature. As progressive as our women are even now, yet should one of our *Vassar* girls produce a translation of any part of the Bible from the Vulgate, she would certainly excite not only astonishment, but admiration. Yet the princess Mary, at the entreaty of Queen Catharine Parr, rendered into English the whole of St. John.*

The classic knowledge of the women of the 16th century generally strikes the casual reader with surprise, and causes him to disparage by comparison the education of our own time. But it must be remembered, that there was no national literature of that day to compete with the ancient languages. All modern tongues were then in a transition state, and we need only compare the desperate struggles of the different English dialects, ranging from the Saxon, Celtic and Gothic, to appreciate the difficulties to be surmounted, and the lapse of time necessary before it became sufficiently euphonized for polite literature. The flash of Shakespeare's genius was still in abeyance, and the Faery Queen of Spenser had not then ascended her throne. One need but compare the idiom of the early poet-cowherd, Cadmon, who was the original singer of Milton's theme, and trace the changes from then to the 12th century, to be able to appreciate Spenser's enthusiasm over Chaucer's "pure well of English undefiled." It is not surprising, then, that Latin was deemed the only language proper to express and perpetuate thought. All of the early ecclesiastics wrote in that dialect, and the multiplicity of works produced entirely by hand

* Strickland.

labor, up to the 8th century, seem even now, in this biblio-prolific age, something marvelous. Thus Latin continued to be the best understood, and as it was the purest dialect, was used in religion and in diplomacy, beside being the language of every refined court. Dante at one time seriously thought of clothing his *Divina Comedia* in that classic garb; and Lord Bacon wrote some of his principal philosophical works in the same tongue. England at that time possessed nothing in literature outside of Chaucer, Gower, and a few metrical romances of an earlier period. Hence the taste of the higher classes for the ancient language. After Plato and Cicero, Homer and Virgil, the taste was for the Italian writers. Italy may claim priority in the class of prose fiction, and from its inception it continued to be earnestly cultivated. Boccaccio, Boiardo, Pulci, and cotemporary authors of the Italian school, were warmly welcomed by English readers: for Italy was even then the mistress in letters, as she was the oracle in religion, and the *diva* in art.

Judging from the encomiums bestowed upon the princesses Mary and Elizabeth by the foreign ambassadors and other cotemporary writers, they must have been preëminent in intellectual accomplishments. Although Elizabeth is said to have surpassed her sister in the knowledge and use of Greek, yet in other branches Mary was her superior.

"Whatever she lost," says Mr. Prescott, "in personal attractions, as compared with Elizabeth, was fully made up by those of her mind." * * * "She both spoke and wrote her own language in a plain, straightforward manner, that forms a contrast to the ambiguous phrases and cold conceits in which Elizabeth usually conveyed, or rather concealed, her thoughts." *

* "Life of Philip Second," Prescott.

Jane Seymour, like her predecessor, enjoyed her ill-gotten honors but a short time, when the *fiat* of retribution cut her off. Anne of Cleves, likened in Henry's elegant style to a great Flanders mare, was more mercifully disposed of. But royalty like the fabled Circe still dazzled the covetous, and Catharine Howard was lured through it to the throne, and from thence, like Anne Boleyn, to the block. Some good angel, weary of the horrors and carnality of the king's previous marriages, must have directed his last choice to the person of Catharine Parr. Certain it is, that with her came to the Princess Mary the first ray of peace and hope that had dawned upon her life, since the violent separation from her mother. Chosen to fill the distinguished position of bridesmaid to the new queen, she was further assured of her good-will and appreciation of her patient endurance of trial, by a handsome present in money and jewels. Through her influence, also, she was restored to her rank and position at court, and reconciled to the king; who, moreover, confirmed soon after her reversionary right of succession to the crown, beside settling upon her a handsome marriage portion. During a severe illness, when he feared that death was near, this wretched man, who had played with human lives and hearts as with tennis balls, humbled himself to his injured daughter, by acknowledging the wrongs and injustice of the past. "I have caused you infinite sorrows," he says; then, as if to prove his conviction of the generous magnanimity of her nature, he begs her "to be a kind and loving mother to her little brother." Why should the king have given this trust to Mary, when there were so many of the Seymours anxious for the honor, were he not assured of her exceptional probity and heightened sense of justice. So earnest

was she in her love of peace, that she dexterously managed to withhold herself from any part in the various rebellions that sprung from the diverse religious and political animosities of the day. Had Mary possessed an intolerant spirit, it would have manifested itself at this time and subsequently, in her intercourse with two such zealots in the principles of the Reformation as Catharine Parr and the young Edward, who from an early age delighted in polemics. Always avoiding religious controversy, yet when attacked Mary bravely defended her principles; and on one occasion, when hard and rudely pressed by Edward's councilors, she warmly asserted that she would gladly lay her head on the block for her faith, knowing that thereby she would only exchange an earthly crown for a heavenly one.

Soon after the accession of Edward, the question of religion was pressed upon the princess, to the verge of persecution; and she was threatened with the full penalty of the new ecclesiastical laws, against every man and woman who attended the celebration of a mass. To this Mary urged an observance of the laws of religion, as established by her father, and claimed in the true Tudor spirit the privilege of liberty of conscience, "for the daughter of him who had raised *them* from nothing to their present rank."* For a time, owing to the interference of the Emperor Charles V., she was unmolested; but no sooner was peace concluded with France, than the strife was renewed. Two of her chaplains were indicted under the statutes, and later the chief, Dr. Mallet, was committed to the Tower, together with two servants of her household. Matters looked stormy, when again Charles came to her aid, and a threat of Spanish guns proved the weakness of the Reformers' *canons*.

* Edward's Journal.

Ridley and Poynet, the two new bishops of London and Rochester, settled the matter, however, with Edward's conscience, by the following remarkable theological dialogue: "Though to give license to sin, was sin, yet to suffer and wink at it for a time, might be borne, so all haste possible was used."* Though brave in spirit and ever ready to maintain her own dignity, yet Mary must have possessed gentle qualities, or she would never have been so much beloved by her retainers. The affection entertained for her by the boy king excited the jealousy of the Seymours and Dudleys; and in hopes of winning her over to their faction, they even made the concession of offering her the regency during Edward's minority. But she was as wary as she was wise, and refused compliance, on the plea of ill health and "the terms of her father's will." From that time the enmity of the duke of Northumberland followed her, and he used it to her prejudice with Edward in all matters of personal interest to Mary.

Like Moses on Mt. Pisgah, the young king gazed mournfully, with a heart heavy with impending death, upon the grand domain, the fair land of his promised heritage. But not for him, or any of his mother's blood, should it ever blossom or bear fruit. The star of the Seymours had set for ever, when this, the greatest of the line, was called to lay his crowned head in the dust. The malign influence and persistent schemings of his councilors had prevailed over Edward to disinherit the Lady Mary, contrary to the laws of the realm, and leave the succession to his cousin Lady Jane Grey, who had married Guilford, the second son of the duke of Northumberland. To this he added the greater disgrace of declaring thereby both his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, ille-

* Lingard.

gitimate. Notwithstanding this scheme, the well organized plans and the immense power and *prestige* of the combined factions, the sequel proved that Mary was held by the masses as the true representative of right and justice: and yet Lady Jane had not only the *prestige* of youth and beauty in her favor, but she was also known to have been thoroughly imbued by the teachings of Roger Ascham in the tenets of the new creed.

Escaping through the agency of her friend Throgmorton the trap set by Northumberland, at the death of the king, to get possession of her person, a safe refuge was opened to her, in her flight, in the castle of Tramlingham, and in a few days she was surrounded by thirty thousand men—not hireling troops, haggling for a price, but brave, loyal hearts, volunteering limb and life gratuitously in her service. Of the fervid acclamations that greeted her entrance into London—the clemency and affectionate sympathy bestowed by her upon the prisoners in the Tower, irrespective of creed or party—her generosity in remunerating the volunteer soldiers, beside her donations in money to every poor householder in the city; all are historical facts that not even her personal enemies attempt to deny.

It seems strange that Mary inherited neither the “majestic port” of her father, nor the beautiful features of her mother; still, according to the description of the Venetian ambassador, upon her entrance into London, her appearance made a favorable impression. Thus he portrays her: “Her face is well formed, and her features prove, as well as her pictures, that when young she was not only good looking, but more than moderately handsome; she would now be that, saving some wrinkles caused more by sorrow than age.”

Assuming at once the reins of

government, she made herself familiar with all the important details of her new position. Her ability and mercy, in redressing many wrongs that had been imposed upon the servants of the crown by the injustice and extravagance of Northumberland, according to Lingard, “drew upon her the blessing of the whole nation.”

Comprehending the influence of externals in raising or depressing the spirits, she at once changed the fanatical sombreness of the court circle, by restoring many amusements that had been abandoned in accordance with the puritanical ideas of Edward; and like a rainbow in a darkened sky, she appeared among her court circle, arrayed in brilliant silks and flashing jewels. There is no evidence to prove that Mary really desired or enjoyed her enviable position. She accepted it however as her right—and as the redresser in the eyes of the world of her dead mother’s wrongs.

She was at an age when the joyousness of youth, and the buoyancy of hope, like clouds after sunset, had merged these golden colors into more sombre tints. Had her life run in the ordinary channel, the natural right of even the poorest girl, her spirits would have been brighter, her hopes more affluent; and the lines that made more evident the sad look in her eyes, would have been dispersed by a happier retrospect. But parted in the bloom of youth from her warmest affections, the flow of thought and feeling natural to those halcyon days changed into a torrent of grief. Living in constant dread of anguish even deeper; her mind forced prematurely upon matters beyond the ken of youth; tortured from time to time with physical suffering, that at this period had become a chronic misery;—is it a wonder, then, that she felt the weight of her golden crown to be of iron? or

that she pined in sadness of heart when she realized in the convulsive aspect of the whole kingdom, how friendless and isolated was her position, and with what little security she could dare intrust any one about her with the aims and feelings that helped to weigh her down? She had learned only too well the selfish creed that influenced the members of every department of Church and State. She remembered only too faithfully that each man of her council chamber had been, during the reign of both her father and brother, her own open enemy. She knew that Argus-eyed *Iagos* were on every side of her; that suspicious cunning lurked behind the tapestry of every nook, ready to thwart, misjudge and entrap her into complications that only a wary brain and vigorous hand could unravel. Wisely then, she turned to her nearest kinsman, Charles V., for counsel. One apart from the scene, indifferent to the warring elements, she thought would prove a calmer and more disinterested judge than a participant in action. The old cry of Spanish intolerance is still heard, yet the archives of that day attest the good sense which characterized the advice of Charles to the Queen. The first step he considered necessary for her own security, and the peace of the realm was the removal of the Lady Jane and her husband, who would prove, he said, in the future, as they had in the past, a rallying point for all the turbulent elements of the kingdom. This was the creed of nations, and the logic of all states, unfortunately only too truly realized subsequently. But, according to the testimony of the Spanish Ambassador Renard, the queen would not listen to this advice. She warmly defended her cousin, pleading that she was innocent of any intention of usurping the crown, but had only allowed herself to be a tool and puppet in

the hands of the chief traitor, Northumberland. She averred that both her heart and conscience revolted against the idea of inflicting the terrible penalty of death upon one so young and fair. These tender, generous impulses should be weighed in the sequel, when mercy and patience were again outraged. Where thousands had been guilty of high treason, she reversed the decision of the judges, and would only consent to *three* of the ring-leaders suffering the death penalty, and she was even almost moved at one time to grant the piteous, craven petition of the arch-traitor and leader, Northumberland, for life—"yea, the life of a dogge"—as he wrote to Arundel—"that I may live to kiss the queen's feet."

During the Lady Mary's virtual imprisonment in Hertford castle in 1539, she received a command from her father to receive as a suitor for her hand Philip of Bavaria, who was a near relative of Anne of Cleves, at that time the betrothed wife of the king. Although Philip was a Protestant, yet Mary received him politely, and in time the acquaintance seemed to ripen into one of affection on her part, and earnest, unalterable love on his; but Henry's cruel treatment of Anne shattered this one bright aureole in her young life, and added the pang of hope deferred to the other multitudinous trials that appeared her inevitable portion. From that period she gave up all idea of marriage, always expressing herself as best content to remain single; no doubt induced thereto by the precarious condition of her health.

After assuming the crown, however, she unhesitatingly declared a change in her views and intentions on this subject. Probably the very isolation of her exalted position, the environment of enemies, and her own need of support and counsel, induced her to view a married

life as a partial relief from those cares. The opposition she encountered from both her Catholic and Protestant subjects in the choice, over all other competitors, of Philip of Spain, is well known. Even her trusted Chancellor, Bishop Gardiner, was vehement in his opposition, and earnestly strove to change her purpose. In addition to this, she had the persistent and treacherous enmity of Noailles, the French Ambassador, to combat, and the jealous opposition of the Venetian Embassy to circumvent. Here for the first time, the queen showed the stubborn front of "Bluff Hal," and proved that the blood of the Tudors, in strength under opposition, ran in her veins. Far dearer to her than England's crown, was this distant, bright, solitary star of love, that shone with a lustre, which promised to erase the sad memories of the past, and diadem with joy all her coming years. A woman may be moved from the pursuit of any coveted prize under proper management; but strive to combat her where love has set his seal, and she becomes endowed with a power that can set at naught the subtlest schemes that the prolific brain of man can invent. The queen proved no exception to this rule; she vowed that no amount of opposition should shake her purpose, that she would prove a match for Gardiner and all other opponents; and this she confirmed by a solemn oath in presence of the Blessed Sacrament with the imperial Ambassador for witness, declaring that she would marry Philip of Spain or remain single for the rest of her life.

If there had existed the hostility and animosity against Mary among the masses that her enemies represented, she could never have been received with the affectionate demonstrations that greeted her at the opening of her first Parliament. Peer and Commoner vied with each other in demonstrations of admira-

tion; and although the Catholic religion had not then been restored by law, yet, according to the usage of ancient times, both houses accompanied the sovereign to a solemn high mass, as a proper preliminary of so important an occasion. It is true that to the majority there was but little violation of conscience in this concession. The change had been too recent, and the forms of the new were still too deeply imbued with the old faith to have alienated those who viewed religious dogma as independent of political and partisan considerations. With such men "zeal was but the tool of worldliness," and they were as ready to bow down to Baal as to Jupiter. It is true that these same men opposed at first the restoration of the Papal supremacy; but this opposition arose from the fear that Mary would prove a terrible Nemesis, in claiming and restoring all the spoiliations that had enriched such numbers of them in the two previous reigns. When the queen saw these symptoms of a violent storm brewing, she proved her wisdom and magnanimity by holding in abeyance any further discussion of the subject at that time. Readers of history may here recall how differently her father would have met such contumacy, and how her sister Elizabeth subsequently was wont to bend both lords and commons to her imperial will. When the question came up later for final settlement, the queen, in hopes of avoiding future complications and bad feeling, generously ordained that the alienated church property should remain with its present owners; at the same time, however, positively refusing to hold any part of it for her own use. All then that had accrued to the crown, she restored, and at the same time never ceased her efforts, even by impoverishing her own resources, to repair such churches and religious houses as had suffered so fearfully under her immediate predecessors.

How little rancor or malice dwelt in her heart against Lady Jane Grey, was proved during this session by her sanction of the bill that endorsed the legality of all the bonds, deeds, etc., that were passed during the few days of her usurpation; while at the same time she restored to the dispossessed all their hereditary rights.

What stronger commentary can be adduced to prove the vacillating principles, the base servility of the men, who but a short time previously had anathematized the Catholic Church, as the "harlot of Babylon," when we see with what complacent facility they raised a unanimous voice in favor of restoring the same religion to its old position, and in the next breath condemned the reformed liturgy, as "a new thing imagined and devised by a few singular opinions." Be it remembered that the members of the reformed doctrines comprised, at that time, one-third of the house, and they were as free as our own original constitutional board; nor does there exist a word to prove that a particle of coercion was used either by the queen or her party. Mary had not broken her promise when she declared that no change should be made in religion without universal consent. She had left the members entirely free to execute the wishes of their constituents. "If her parliament," says Miss Strickland, "had been as honest as herself, her reign would have been the pride of the country, instead of its reproach; because if they had done their duty in guarding their fellow-creatures from bloody penal laws regarding religion, the queen by her first regal act *in restoring the ancient free constitution* of the great Plantagenets, had put it out of the power of her government to take furtive vengeance on any individual who opposed it."

The spirit of servility that influenced these men was further manifested when the queen urged a justification of her mother's fair name,

and her own legitimate claim to the throne, by the alacrity with which they bestowed condemnation upon the whole proceedings in the divorce case; even going so far as to stigmatize as bribery and corruption the means used for its accomplishment. The former oracle, too, Archbishop Cranmer, was severely handled for his "ungodly" conduct in the whole affair; and the subject was finally disposed of by a repeal of all statutes that were confirmatory of that unlawful and infamous decree; and, says Lingard, "although this bill was equivalent to a statute of bastardy against Elizabeth, yet not a voice was raised in either house of parliament against it." No, not even by her sworn friend and ally, Cecil, Lord Burleigh, who, for the nonce, was a devout Catholic and a leal subject of the sovereign whose throne he was constantly undermining.

No sooner was the projected marriage with Philip accepted and arranged, than the warning of Charles V. was verified. The malcontents seized upon it as a pretext for the great rebellion that followed under the lead of Sir Thomas Wyatt, aided and abetted by the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Devonshire, and others upon whom Mary had lavished numberless favors. Again was her popularity proved by the devotion of her subjects in this extremity. When the Duke of Norfolk's troops failed, and London was seriously threatened by the insurgents, and in the general panic the queen was urged to fly, she turned with scorn upon her advisers, and for answer, placed herself in a post of great danger, between two of her battle-axe men. One of them was conspicuous in his zeal for the reformed religion, and was designated as the *Hot-Gospeller*. Mary proved her appreciation of his bravery in her cause, by a handsome reward; and says Miss Strickland, "he lived a prosperous gentleman, and died at

an advanced age, in the next reign." Those who had predicted these conspiracies, as a consequence of the Queen's former leniency, were now clamorous for justice. Mary was still averse to extreme measures, but the pressure was too strong to resist. Under these circumstances, and the agitation consequent upon the personal danger, so recently pending, she signed the warrant for the execution of "Guilford Dudley and his wife." The youth and beauty of Lady Jane will for ever cause accusatory hands to be raised against Mary for her death. But when we consider the spirit of the age, and the disturbing element that she must ever have proved, together with the varied and complicated conspiracies that would have ensued had she lived, there is no legitimate reason for the holy horror that still lifts its voice against Mary, for her warrant. Neither should this case be recorded as an example of exceptional cruelty, in the court of youth and beauty. Each century bears on its banner the names of helpless and innocent women, who have been dragged through unlimited and unmerited woe to a shameful death.

"In every land

I saw wherever light illumineth,
Beauty and anguish, walking hand in hand
The downward slope of death."

Many of England's sovereigns have gone to their account with hands more deeply dyed in blood equally innocent. Mary herein consented reluctantly to a legal punishment on an open enemy, believing that the autonomy of the nation required this sacrifice to the end of rigorous justice. Elizabeth, at a later period, imprisoned and murdered in cold blood a guest and relative, who had trusted herself to her protection, and would never have endangered her throne. It must also be remembered that the Tudor blood was never very prone to sentiment, when it clashed with

the sterner call of interest; and the influence of a regal education, three hundred years ago, was not calculated to engender pity at the expense of justice or self-preservation.

Mary's relations with her sister Elizabeth is another pet fable, which, from careful nursing, has assumed the garb of truth.

The malevolence of prejudice can find a flaw in the most sacred things. The world at large clings to its pet sinners as to its elected saints, and no amount of contrary proof can remove the opprobrium of the one, or dim the beatific crown of the other. We have shown the kind tenderness bestowed by Mary on Elizabeth, when but a little child, under circumstances, too, when a course of utter indifference might have been perfectly justifiable. With full knowledge of her treacherous correspondence in the plots of her own enemies, Mary yet maintained the same spirit of kindness throughout her entire reign—sharing with her every honor that belonged to her exalted position, and bestowing upon her repeated evidences of confidence in her probity and sisterly affection. But for her, Elizabeth would have been forced by Parliament into an unwelcome marriage with the king of Sweden's son. To this much abused sister's clemency in reprieving Robert Dudley from the sentence of death which he awaited in the tower, she also owes the subsequent chosen favorite of her court—the handsome, brilliant, but unprincipled Earl of Leicester!

Of Elizabeth's complicity in Wyatt's rebellion there cannot be the slightest doubt; both he and Croft asserted it; and Noailles, ever her friend, confirms it, in his dispatches to his own government. Entertaining a hope of the success of the insurgents in her favor, she declined the queen's invitation to visit her, (which was only given to afford Eliza-

both an opportunity of refuting the accusations against her loyalty); but upon the plea of ill health she not only retired to her house at Ashridge, but ordered her servants to fortify the place, and solicit the aid of her friends.* That the queen was neither inclined to severity, nor wanton cruelty, is again proved by her opposition to the violent measures insisted upon by the Spanish Government and others, as Elizabeth's due for her conspiracy. This arbitrary demand was enforced by the threat that her marriage with Philip should not be concluded, unless Elizabeth and Courtney were punished.† To this, Mary urged the ancient Constitutional laws, restored by her in her first parliament, which required that an overt act of open treason must be proved; and although she was convinced of the deep dissimulation of Elizabeth's character, yet she would not consent to any harsher measures than temporary imprisonment. "In short," says Miss Strickland, "whatever adverse colors may be cast upon a portion of her history which really does her credit, the conclusion built upon the irrefragable structure of results, is this—Mary dealt infinitely more mercifully by her heiress, than Elizabeth did by hers."

Whether sincere or not, the temper of rebellion appears to have drawn the hearts of her subjects nearer to her; for, from this time, all opposition to her marriage was suppressed. Both houses assured her of a hearty concurrence, and promised a cordial welcome to the prince; and during her eloquent speech, at the dissolution of parliament, she was repeatedly interrupted by acclamations of affection and admiration.‡ In restoring the English Constitution, which had been

abrogated by Henry and Edward by their acts of political and religious tyranny, Mary justly earned the approbation, not only of her own people, but of all other nations. The restoration of the ancient faith followed as a natural sequence, and met with but little opposition, from the fact that the *ci-devant* reformers were at heart utterly indifferent to religion, save as a political engine. The French, Spanish, and Venetian Ambassadors of the day say that "the nobility and gentry cared only for a religion of interest, and would be ready at the call of the sovereign to embrace if necessary either Judaism or Mahometism." How little genuine conscientiousness dwelt in the heart of the nation for the religion of the former reign, may be judged from the suppleness with which they embraced and endorsed the new measures in both houses. For instance, there were only two demurrers, (in the Commons) out of 300 members; and thus reunion with the Church, and a petition expressive of "sorrow and regret for the previous defection of the realm," ended the mighty throes for the time that had inaugurated the great Reformation. The Queen proved her gratitude for this triumph by pardoning all the state prisoners who had been implicated in the rebellions of Northumberland and Wyatt.

The restoration of the standard value of the currency, which had been depreciated by her predecessor, and the remission of a heavy tax imposed by Edward, were among her beneficent measures for the good of her people. Further, her sense of justice was manifested in an order to Chief Justice Morgan, wherein he was commanded to reverse former rules, and henceforth to give the adversary of the crown an opportunity to bring his own witnesses to a hearing. "You are to sit there," she said, "not as advocates *for me*, but as indifferent judges be-

* Lingard, supported by Strype, Foxe and Noailles.

† Lingard.

‡ Tytler's Mary, vol. 2d.

tween me and my people." Such measures can give but one interpretation to the character that ordained them. There is no evidence at the commencement of Mary's reign of the intolerant bigotry of which she has been accused. On the contrary, her previous relations with members of the reformed party, prove her to have left to others the liberty she desired for herself. She could have prevented the Protestant obsequies performed by Archbishop Cranmer over her brother at Westminster; but she respected his last wishes for these rites, and comforted herself by assisting at a mass for the repose of his soul in the Tower Chapel. Catherine Parr was among the most zealous in the new faith, yet perfect harmony, and even affection, is known to have cemented their respective relations. She made no exception on the score of religion when she liberated the prisoners in the Tower, though among them was the wife of the proud Duke of Somerset. One of the favorite ladies of her court was Lady Bacon, an open professor of the reformed faith, and the mother of him whom Pope has so truly characterized as "The wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind."

We have seen how little a man's religion interfered with her generous appreciation of worth in the case of the hot gospeller. When Huddleston's house, in which she took refuge when pursued by Northumberland's emissaries, was burned, "Never mind," she said, "I will build him a better one," and she kept her word.

When Mr. Tennyson makes Mary say, at the beginning of her reign: "God hath sent me, to take such order with all heretics That it shall be before I die, as tho' My father and my brother had not lived;"—he but adopts the foregone sentiments of her enemies, and contradicts every act that characterized her life before her accession.

She bore, as no other sovereign ever did, every conceivable kind of contumely and insult bestowed upon her religion, not only in violent and blasphemous interruptions of the divine mysteries, but by inflammatory appeals in street and pulpit, from the reformed clergy, beside insulting epithets and personal attacks upon the priests while in the performance of their official duties.*

The fanaticism of the gospellers was a perpetual incentive to political disturbances, which, with the addition of public lampoons upon the queen's person, fanned continuously the flame of some new conspiracy.

Ridley denounced her bigotry, and asserted her illegitimacy publicly at St. Paul's Cross; whilst Latimer not only insulted her in person, but in his coarse and vehement style of preaching incited the people, by the vilest invectives against her honor and religion, to a riot during the celebration of a mass in a church at the horse market. While these men were thus degrading themselves, one of the royal chaplains, when preaching the word of God, by order of the council, was not only insulted by a tumultuous crowd, but his life was attempted by a dagger hurled at him from the mob. On another occasion, about a year later, a reformed preacher named Ross publicly prayed "that God would either convert the heart of the queen or take her out of the world." This was her grateful recompense for having annulled the cruel law instituted by her father, which punished libels on the crown with death. But for the fanaticism and continued threats of fresh conspiracies by the advocates of the new gospel, the executions might have ceased. These causes, however, furnished a pretext for those members who were in favor of strong measures, and their argu-

* "Westminster Review, 1853," and Lingard.

ments unfortunately prevailed over the more moderate and enlightened. At length Mary yielded to the violent resolutions of her council, but not without urging upon them the obligation of using mercy and justice, before rashly executing judgment.

To us such reprisal seems appalling; but we must weigh the influence of custom and education. The period of religious belief at that time, breathed more of the spirit of Sinai than of Tabor. It was the terror and awe of the Almighty, clothed in the roar of the thunder and the flash of the lightning, rather than the silvery glory and lambent love, that overshadowed and bathed in splendor Tabor's summit.

Thus then did the reformers invoke the first proclamation and punishment of seditious riots, though without the magnanimity to acknowledge the trespass. "Wyat's rebellion," says Macaulay, "furnished as good a plea for the burning of Protestants, as the conspiracies against Elizabeth furnish for the hanging and embowelling of papists."

The flame of persecution, that made lurid the heavens after the queen's marriage, is an episode in the reign of one who had heretofore been so gracious and merciful, to be greatly deplored. In the sacred name of religion more blood has been shed, and more horrors committed, than the utmost stretch of time can cancel. The soul recoils with terror from a contemplation of the Christian holocausts that stained with blood the magnificence of the Coliseum, and yet shudders at the name of those emperors who buried the lustre of glorious deeds, and dyed their imperial robes in the blood of the saints. But oh, sad lesson of human depravity! that followers of Christ should so far forget and tarnish their birth-right of love and forbearance, as to

be willing to walk in the same savage track! But it is not just to make exceptional Mary's case, when it was inaugurated by her predecessors, and practiced in double horror by successive sovereigns. Not at the door of the Catholic Church can the stigma of persecution be originally laid; but unfortunately it was a sin that soon became epidemic, and so gangrened the soul, that its utmost horrors were sanctioned under the baneful idea, that thus God could be glorified and conscience appeased. "The extirpation of erroneous doctrine," says Lingard, "was inculcated as a duty by every Protestant denomination," and Hallam speaks truly when he says that "*persecution was the deadly original sin of the reformed churches.*"* Miss Strickland, another Protestant author, deplores that not a Protestant voice (as a sect) was ever raised against the spirit of persecution, save by the sect of Quakers. Credit however must be given to many of the leading members of the British parliament of both denominations, who protested against such measures; and Macintosh testifies that Cardinal Pole and the great body of the Catholic bishops, beside Sir Thomas More in the previous reign of Henry, raised their voices against its iniquitous horrors. After the first executions under these *revived statutes* of Edward, a Spanish friar, Alphonso di Castro, confessor to Philip, preached against these atrocities before the court. He declared such persecutions contrary to the spirit of the gospel, and that men should be won to Christ by mildness; that it was the duty of the Church, not to seek the death of the deluded, but to instruct the ignorance of their misguided brethren.† Even admitting the terrors under Mary, yet when brought into comparison with previous and sub-

* Constitutional History.

† Strype, confirmed by Lingard and Prescott.

sequent reigns, they seem but child's play. Elizabeth's Catholic subjects made no opposition to her reign, as did the Protestants to Mary, yet one of her first acts was the enforcement of the penal statutes, and the tortures of the Star Chamber; and this in the face of the brave assertion of Lord Montagu, that the Catholics had created no disturbance in the realm. "They disputed not; they preached not; they disobeyed not the queen; they brought in no novelties of doctrine or religion." This tyranny under an essentially Protestant queen, who claimed to be the supreme head of the Church; who made and deposed the clergy at will; who tortured, imprisoned, hanged and quartered men and women for being Catholics, while she yet clung herself to many of its observances—taking her coronation oath, and receiving her crown under the formula of the ancient rights, and retaining upon her private chapel altar the lights and crucifix of the Church she persecuted; these inconsistencies ought to suffice to silence the vilifiers of Mary. Wherever this system of intolerance was pursued, Catholics were ever the worst sufferers. Look at the Puritans under Charles II., who imported blood hounds to hunt priests in the mountains; again, the brutal work of Cromwell in Ireland, where helpless infants were torn from the breast to ornament the pikes of the soldiers. In Switzerland, too, the Bible and the sword went hand in hand, and the atrocities committed in the name of religion, as described by the Protestant historian, De Haller, and the Reformers themselves, curdle the blood with horror.

However fearful were the persecution of D'Alva in the Netherlands, yet the reprisals of the Iconoclasts more than balance the account. "For more than a hundred and fifty years" says Macaulay, "the Protestant Church continued to be the servile handmaid of mon-

archy, the steady enemy of public liberty." While we make no excuse for Mary, we yet claim for her the weight of such testimony, and the influence of the age in which she lived; beside this, the wretched state of her health, during the last two years of her reign, rendered either her cognizance or participation in many of the Smithfield executions an impossibility. Despite the reiterated efforts to brand Philip as an intermeddler and prime author of the persecutions, there is no proof to substantiate the charge. Whatever may have been his genuine feelings, his conduct to Mary was always kind and chivalrous, and his concessions to the habits of a people so antagonistic to his own, prove him to have been more than conciliatory. When love takes possession of a woman's heart, after the glamour of youth is passed, it becomes a fixed passion, and the ruling power of her life. That in giving her whole soul to Philip, she felt the natural disparity in his love for one who had lost "the garland of life's blooming years," there can be no doubt: the blow to her hopes of offspring, the subsequent parting from her idolized husband, rankled and intensified the pain that struck her to the heart at the loss of Calais. Then too, she knew that ingratitude, suspicion and schism were around her; that the sister whom she had protected when helpless, was ready to lend herself to any enormity against her, and that "foul tongued" slander, and even hints of assassination, were rife on every side. Through all this she stood alone. For comfort and support she yearned in vain; for the husband was too much engrossed by the cares of his own wide domain, her kinsman and friend Cardinal Pole was too ill to aid her; and Gardiner, who combined wisdom and prudence in administering the affairs of the realm, had long been dead.

It was during the queen's terrible illness, after her hope of offspring had merged into those physical maladies under which every faculty of mind and body sunk, that the fearful persecutions attained their climax. It was not the dying queen, but Parliament that enforced and legalized these horrors. To them the obloquy properly belongs.

Miss Strickland, in giving all the historical data pertinent to the question, says: "Shall we call the house of lords *bigoted*, when its majority which legalized this wickedness was composed of the same individuals who had planted *very recently the Protestant Church of England?*" While offering justification for Mary's course by antecedent and subsequent example, the age and people by whom these enormities were tolerated must bear the largest share of odium. She had been educated in a school of stern realities; and so little mercy, or even ordinary human kindness

had been extended to her, that her mind naturally grasped and associated the idea of severe measures as the only meed of justice.

When the queen passed her last summer at her mother's palace of Croydon, her favorite recreation was to visit *incognito* the cottages of the poor. Evincing deep interest in the little children, she would select those among them who gave promise of talent, and place them where they could receive advantages of a good education. The peaceful and resigned spirit in which Mary met the messenger of death, proved the purity of her conscience. She did not, like Elizabeth, scoff and storm at those who strove to minister to her spiritual or physical needs, nor was she haunted, as Tennyson poetically asserts, by that remorseless

"Right hand, that still beckons me hence."

Weary had been her head under the pressure of her golden crown, and gladly did she lay it down in the dust.

FAITH.

In shadows and in dust, a traveler wandered,
Lonely and poor, along a thorny road,
One gleam of sunlight, sent, as mute he pondered,
A diamond sparkling on his pathway showed,
Eager he seized it, and was sad no more,
Grim Poverty's dark reign forever o'er!

Soul, sadly struggling on Life's pathway dreary,
Thy courage faint, thy heart with care bowed low,
Finding the world a bitter lot and weary,
The diamond Faith, God's love to thee doth show.
Follow its ray, and find that gem most rare;
On thy heart set it! Peace will enter there!

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

IN wintry days the Old Year dies,
Whose life began in days as dark,
And who herein can fail to mark
How sad and stern an omen lies?

The years thus born in wintry night,
And doom'd 'mid winter's blasts to close,
Seem charged to come with many woes,
But little promise of delight.

The year comes in—a casket sealed;
And we, like children mad with glee,
Grasp the new toy, whate'er it be,
E'er yet its contents are revealed.

Yet here within the toy may be
Some sword of keenest edge, to rend
Fond ties that knit us to some friend
Firmly as ivy clasps the tree.

Or, lurking in its fairest part,
Some germ of woe, some poison-root,
That soon shall spring to bitterest fruit,
And taint the life-blood of our heart.

Is it, then, hollow joy impels
That we to-night our peals should ring,
And from our every steeple fling
Rejoicings of melodious bells?

If New-Year's hopes are, after all,
But tissues woven in a dream,
The brilliance of the death-light's gleam,
Whose brightness speaks of bier and pall?

Ah no! the gladdest, deepest mirth
May still befit the close of years;
The future, dark with low'ring fears,
Is tinged with hopes, though not of earth.

What though the coming years of life
Dawn gloomier still than those gone by;
Yet ever still they draw more nigh
The closing of this weary strife.

New years are landmarks on the road,
The shadows of the nearing end
To which all steps and struggles tend;
The shelter of our true abode;

Unruffled peace of glorious life ;
 Eternal years of God's own rest,
 Where hope may yield to bliss possessed,
 But do not yield to closing night.

For this let every brazen tongue
 Prate merrily all the night with glee,
 And one wild, ringing melody
 From every soaring spire be flung.

MAUDE WILLARD'S FRIEND.

A story, Frederica?—I know but one story to-night. You shall hear it, though, if you care to listen. It is a true story, and one in which I was a leading character. So draw your ottoman a little closer, and set the windows wide, that the cool night-breeze may blow in on us, fragrant with the breath of the roses in the garden below. No; do not light the gas. The moon will be above the tree tops presently, and then we shall have all the light we'll need.

I was in my twenty-second year when my story opens. I was radiantly beautiful, nor was beauty my only dower. Gifts of intellect were mine. Wealth, and assured social position, secured for me the world's best favor. I was the only daughter, and the idol of a happy home. I had never known a sorrow.

In society I was an acknowledged belle. There was something about me—I know not what—its victims called it a fascination, which drew to me the hearts of those who came within the circle of my influence. Love and admiration were lavished on me; they were as the breath of life to me. Because I received them graciously, as a queen might receive the homage that was her due, the world called me amiable.

But beneath this fair and gracious outward semblance throbbed a supremely selfish heart. What

seemed in me most artless and unaffected, was the result of long and careful study. I gloried in my conquests; they seemed inevitable. The very women whose hopes my triumphs blasted, could not find it in their hearts to blame me. I was so modest and unassuming, so reserved even—seeming almost to shun the admiration which was ever my portion, and which in my heart I considered my right. "How can she help it if men will fall in love with her?" said my friends. I was in fact what no one would have dared to call me—a finished coquette.

I had one friend whose life was as great a contrast to my own as could well be imagined. Poor Maude Willard! I have lived long and eventful years since she looked her last on earth, and never have I known a lonelier life than hers. She lived with her uncle and aunt, in an old-fashioned cottage near the little Catholic Church of the Holy Name. There was some mystery about those Willards, opined the wise-acres of R—. The secluded life they led gave color to this supposition. Sounds of music or of laughter were never heard within the walls of Willard Cottage; during the lifetime of its owner. He was a confirmed invalid; had suffered for years from some acute nervous disease which

preyed alike upon mind and body. He was extremely irritable, the slightest noise disturbed him—so a more than conventual silence pervaded the house. Maude's aunt was a placid, mild-faced woman, whose time was almost exclusively devoted to her invalid husband. Maude grew up grave and innocent; books were her friends and companions; the Church her refuge when loneliness became oppressive.

By some accident I became acquainted with her when I was a girl of about sixteen, and she perhaps two years younger. I grew deeply interested in her, and an ardent friendship soon sprang up between us.

Poor little Maude! it was, as she used to say, as if one of her chosen heroines had come forth from the realms of romance, endowed with life and visible presence, and become her familiar confidant and companion. She looked on me as a superior being, and loved me with a tender, loyal affection, the child-like manifestations of which sometimes touched me deeply. She rejoiced in my worldly advantages, in my beauty, in my gift of song—for I possessed a voice of rare power and sweetness, which careful cultivation had developed and perfected. As for me, I loved her as truly as my selfish heart had ever permitted me to love any one.

Maude was a devout Catholic.

"Oh, Alma!" she would often say to me, "God has wonderful things in reserve for you. You are too beautiful, too perfect, to be the bride of any man. God wants you for Himself, and I know that some time He will gain your heart, and make it all His own."

I professed no religion; but I believed in God and I loved the glorious music and the magnificent ceremonial of the Catholic Church.

"I never could be a Catholic," I used to say to Maude. "Your re-

ligion is too exacting—too hard on human nature."

Maude was below the medium height, and very fragile. Her features were not regular, but her eyes—those lovely, wistful blue eyes—gave to her whole countenance a sweet, spiritual expression that would strike even a casual observer.

I had been absent from home for about two years previous to the time at which this narrative commences. I had been "abroad" for more than a year; the rest of the time I had spent in the midst of a gay and fashionable circle in New York.

My parents were anxious to see me advantageously settled in life. I received many eligible offers of marriage, but rejected them all. My freedom was too dear to me to be lightly surrendered.

Ere long, the round of dissipation in which I was living began to wear on me, so I resolved to return for a while to the almost rural quiet of R——. Here I soon experienced the benefits of rest and change. During my absence, I had often heard from Maude, but my numerous social engagements left me little leisure for correspondence. I determined to atone for this by paying her an early visit.

There was free access to Willard Cottage now, for Maude's uncle was dead. He had died while I was abroad, and when I saw the change that two short years had wrought in his widow, I felt that it would not be long ere she followed him to the grave.

I shall never forget Maude's rapturous welcome. She had not changed; I found the same child-like candor, the same forgetfulness of self, the same tender piety; and what pleased me more than all, her trustful affection for me was stronger than ever.

I had called on Maude at a barbarously early hour, and I had so much to tell her that time flew by un-

noted, till the swiftly falling twilight shadows warned me that I must go.

"They will be expecting me," I said, rising; but she gently detained me.

"Stay," she said softly, "you have not heard my story yet."

"Your story, Maude!" I exclaimed; and for the first time I noticed a magnificent emerald ring on the first finger of her right hand. As I regarded it intently, her color came and went, and her eyes shone with a tender radiance that I had never seen in them before. "And you never told me in any of your letters," I continued in playful reproach.

"How could I tell you when I only knew it myself yesterday," said Maude naively.

"But Maude," I went on, "I am half inclined to be jealous of whoever has stolen your heart from me. How often you have told me that you could never love anyone as you loved me!"

"I don't love you both the same way—you know I couldn't. You are as dear to me as ever, and dearer; but my love for Henry Horton is something quite different; when you have seen him you will not blame me. I want you to stay, Alma, for he is to be here this evening."

He came in almost on the words. He was a tall, handsome man; dignified in bearing, polished in manners, faultless in apparel. I guessed his age to be about thirty five. He was a brilliant conversationalist, and also possessed the amiable gift of being able to listen, and to make others appear at their best in his presence.

Indeed, I could not wonder that Maude was happy, having won his love; but as in the course of the evening, my naturally keen penetration, sharpened as it had been by intercourse with the world, discovered more and more of the character of the man, I could not help exclaiming mentally:

"How came he ever to choose her?"

"Well, Maude, you have not told me your story yet," I said a few days later, when she and I were once more together; "you know you promised it. Here am I, beautiful, accomplished, an heiress, a belle, etc., etc., and I am still plain Alma Bruce; while you, in this out-of-the-world place, sly little puss that you are, have made a grand conquest. Tell me, dear, how did it happen?"

"It is not much of a story, Alma; it all came about so simply. He used to edit the M—— Monthly, to which I have been contributing for some time past. (Maude was clever with her pen.) Last summer he resigned control of the magazine, his other literary engagements being better suited to his taste. He was then preparing a work for publication, and came down here for quiet. He called on me after his arrival, and then he came again, and again, and now (it seems so strange to think of it) we are to be married in October. Oh, dear Alma!" she continued softly, "you know better than any other, what a lonely, loveless life mine used to be; and now I am so happy, too happy. This is a new earth, and my lot is cast in Eden."

I was beginning to find R—— fearfully dull. I longed for the excitement of my former gay existence. Sometimes my mind reverted to Henry Horton. "He is the only man in R—— worth talking to," I decided.

I often met him now, for he was fond of society, and being a literary man, was regarded as a "lion" in our quiet town. Indeed, among the *élite* no social gathering was considered complete without him.

I was not a little piqued, I must confess, at his manner towards me. He was not merely indifferent to my attractions—he seemed utterly unconscious of them. Courteous

he was to me in truth, as "to all fair ladies," like the knights of old, but it was evident that he too "loved one maiden only." Instinctively, at first, I had desired his admiration. It was withheld, and I found myself longing for it.

He was as devoted to Maude as the most exacting could desire. There was a respectful, yet protecting tenderness—an observance of those delicate and refined attentions that a sensitive spirit appreciates without being able to explain—in short, an outward demonstration that could only be the expression of an ardent and deeply-rooted affection.

"I am pining for something to break the monotony of my existence here," I soliloquized one evening, after returning from a literary reunion at which Henry Horton had been present. "I wonder if this paragon is all that he seems. I should like to put him to the test."

And then and there I made up my mind to exert all my powers of fascination on him, and await the result.

"Is it right? Is it honorable?" questioned a voice within me.

"Pshaw! it is no harm," I reasoned; "I am only going to amuse myself;—besides, if he really cares so much for Maude, I can do no mischief."

I had found at last the vulnerable point in the armor of this valiant knight. In this wise came the long-sought knowledge.

In wealth and culture and social position, our family held the first rank in R——. Our literary and musical *soirees* were "the rage," that spring and summer. To these, both Maude and Henry Horton were of course always invited. The latter seldom missed an evening, but Maude could rarely accompany him, for her aunt was in declining health, and needed much attention.

My friendship for Maude, to say

nothing of her engagement to Henry Horton, would have rendered her fashionable had she desired to become so; but she had neither leisure nor inclination to mingle much in society, so she was left ere long to her cherished seclusion.

The world of R——, meanwhile, spent much time in wondering "what there was about that prudish little blue stocking that had won the friendship of Alma Bruce and the love of Henry Horton."

I visited Maude frequently. My intimate knowledge of affairs at Willard Cottage, therefore, enabled me to appoint for our *soirees*, those evenings on which I had reason to believe that she could not possibly leave home. My plan succeeded admirably. Only twice during the entire season was she able to attend.

On one of these occasions the musical talent of R—— was assembled at our house. In compliance with the entreaties of the company I consented to sing. It was the first time I had sung in Henry Horton's presence.

I was in splendid voice that evening; somebody said I sang like a syren. For one of my auditors at least, mine was in truth a syren's song.

I had just rendered a solo from *Il Trovatore*, with a passion and intensity that surprised myself.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried an enthusiastic voice; and turning, I saw Henry Horton standing near the piano.

"Once more; just once more, Miss Bruce," he pleaded; and I repeated the aria.

"Do you not sing, Maude?" (I knew she did not,) I asked as I rose from the piano, and walked out on the balcony with her and Henry Horton.

"Not now, Alma. You know how it has been with us. Even our piano was never opened in my recollection until last winter."

Henceforward, Maude, I wish you would devote some time to music;" said Henry Horton, "you are well aware that I am passionately, fond of it."

There was the faintest possible shade of blended dissatisfaction and authority in his tone; but it was sufficient to bring the color to her cheeks as she gently promised compliance with his wishes.

His reserve towards me was vanishing. He was indeed an ardent lover of music. He wearied not of hearing my voice and extolling its sweetness and flexibility. His admiration extended quite naturally from the songs to the singer. But I perceived that conflicting powers strove within him. At times I would see him often; then again he would studiously avoid me. Through it all I saw clearly that my arts were working their legitimate result, and I rejoiced in this crowning triumph.

"Alma, something has happened, I know not what; but Henry is no longer the same. He seldom comes here now, and when he does come, he is cold, constrained, hurried, and I cannot help perceiving that his thoughts are not with me. Oh, Alma! I am so miserable," and she bowed her head on her desk and wept bitterly.

I looked at her with mingled feelings of surprise and shame; surprise, for I had never seen her weep before; shame, for I knew that I was the cause of her sorrow; and I "the friend in whom she trusted."

But I answered cheerfully: "Never mind, Maude; this will pass away; he is, most likely, pre-occupied with business cares, and anyhow, I would not fret about it, dear. If you knew the world as I do you would not be astonished; men are all alike"

"But he is not like other men," she rejoined, impetuously, "and I will never know the world if I must learn distrust and suspicion from it! His love, your friendship have been

the glory of my life;"—and then more calmly—"you have never failed me."

There was a long silence.

"Is Henry Horton a Catholic, Maude?" I asked suddenly.

She hesitated a little—"Yes, Alma, but"—

"He is not a devotee," I said, for she did not finish the sentence. Soon after I left her.

I had gone as far as I cared to go in my flirtation with Henry Horton. I had proved my power sufficiently; and I felt moreover, that poor Maude had suffered enough.

"I wish I had drawn back a little sooner," I mused on my way homeward. "I am afraid I cannot escape a scene now—and scenes are so trying."

My fears were not groundless. The same evening I was summoned to the parlor, and found Henry Horton awaiting me. In words of passionate earnestness he told his love for me. I preserved outward calmness—through strong effort—for a storm of contending emotions agitated my spirit to its very depths.

At last he ceased,

"And Maude?" I questioned.

"Maude has released me," he replied. "We were totally unsuited for each other: there was a time when I thought I loved her, but I knew not my own heart then. You I love as a man loves but once in his life-time."

I was cautiously seeking a way out of this dilemma. I appeared surprised and pained. I paused for a moment as if endeavoring to command my speech. Then I said with dignity: "I am grieved beyond expression, Mr. Horton. I never anticipated this. As Maude's plighted lover I counted you my friend—no more. Let us forget this evening," I continued, "and still be friends"—extending my hand to him as I spoke.

He took no notice of it—he ut-

tered not another word, but passed quickly out of the apartment and on to the street. As I drew the curtains for a moment, I saw that he was hastening toward the depot.

"Why, where in the world is Henry Horton taking himself to-night?" exclaimed my brother John, who came in about five minutes later. "He almost knocked me over in his haste to catch the 9.30. Was he here this evening, Sis?"

"Yes," I answered briefly as I withdrew to my own apartment.

I passed a sleepless night. At an early hour next morning, I proceeded to Willard Cottage. It was Maude herself who let me in. Her face was very pale, but she greeted me with a cheerful smile.

"I am so glad it is you, dear. You are the only one in all the world I would care to see to-day."

"But Maude," I said, "you look as if you had seen a ghost."

"No ghost, unless the ghost of my dead happiness," she murmured.

"It is all ended between myself and Henry Horton, you know."

Her calmness surprised me. "How should I know?" I asked.

"But I thought sometimes—pardon me, dear, if I say aught to grieve you—I thought he loved you; and I could not have blamed him if it had been so."

"I never loved him!" I cried vehemently.

"I know it, dear," she said gently. "I have always told you your love was called higher; and then you were too loyal to your poor friend to have cared to rob her of what was once her earthly all."

I saw beyond doubt that she had no suspicion of my baseness. "It is better so," I reflected. "It comforts her to think she has a true friend in me; it would be cruel to deceive her."

Every word she uttered struck home to my heart: she so often called me friend.

"Friend!" cried my awakened conscience, "the most disloyal friend in all the world!"

"He is no more to me," she said, bravely, in answer to my words of sympathy. "I have no longer a right even to think of him, nor do I desire to do so. My comfort must come from God—and from my labor. Poor Auntie is very ill—her days, I fear, are numbered. Henceforth she will need my time and thought. See, Alma, how

"God sendeth a new duty
To comfort each new pain."

I was absent from R—for several weeks after the events just narrated. On my return I found Maude clad in the sombre garments of mourning. My presence seemed to cheer her. She looked pale and worn, but then the fatigue and excitement attendant upon her aunt's death and funeral, accounted for that sufficiently.

I enquired of her concerning her intentions for the future.

"I must remain in R—," she answered, "until I dispose of the cottage. Nancy will stay with me till then. When I leave here, she enters the Convent as a lay-sister."

"But you must not leave," I said eagerly, "you must make your home with us; I cannot live without you, Maude."

"Not even for your sake, dearest, can I remain," she rejoined with a sorrowful smile.

"But what are you going to do, Maude?" I persisted.

"I can make no plan for the future; it seems to me that I have done with planning. My only thought for this world, just at present, is to get away from R—as soon as possible. I *must* go." She spoke with an intensity of feeling that astonished me. I looked at her inquiringly. Her pale face was flushing—her eyes brightening strangely—her breathing was quick and hard

"You are ill, dear!" I exclaimed. "You have been over-exerting yourself lately. You must go to bed now, and I will stay with you to-night."

Nancy came in as I was speaking. "'Tis no wonder she'd be sick, Miss"—and I fancied (or was it entirely fancy?) that she looked sharply at me as she spoke—"for barrin' her own troubles, and they've been enough, God knows, (again I thought those keen black eyes sought mine,) she's been takin' care of Widow O'Shea's boy, (the O'Sheas that live on the commons back of us,) since Monday week. She 'most run herself off her feet about him since he took so bad, and she stayed with him this afternoon till he died. Sure Tim Collins was just tellin' me, Miss Maude, that the poor little fellow had a hard struggle of it—that it took yourself and the mother to hold him."

But Maude made no rejoinder. I was sitting by the bedside. She had fallen into an uneasy doze.

"You needn't trouble yourself to stay, Miss," said Nancy coldly, "I've sent for Doctor Harrington; and I can do whatever is to be done."

"Don't leave me, Alma," moaned the sufferer faintly.

"I will never leave you," I whispered, soothing her as one might soothe a frightened child.

Nancy left the room with a sniff. I stood in awe of Nancy. Despite her untutored simplicity she seemed to read through all my subterfuges.

When Dr. Harrington came he looked very grave. "This is no place for you, Miss Bruce," he said at length.

"Is it a fever?" I questioned—"I am not afraid. I will stay at any risk—I am resolved on it."

"Do your parents know you are here?" he asked.

"They are both in New York," I rejoined.

"Well, I will tell you. She has typhoid fever in its most malignant form. If it were only the fever, I would not be so uneasy, but there is inflammation of the brain also, evidently brought on by acute mental suffering. Her chances of recovery are very doubtful. "Poor child," he continued, as he rose to depart, "her life has been a sorrowful one, at best, but this last trouble, whatever it was, proved too much for her. By the way, Miss Bruce"—turning to me abruptly—"what broke off her engagement with Henry Horton?"

"Really, sir," I began.

"Pshaw!" he interrupted, "you needn't tell me; it was his fault, I'll be bound, but I wish he had never showed his face in R—."

My heart re-echoed the wish.

"Take good care of Maude,"—as he moved towards the door—"and with God's help we may pull her through yet. Take care of yourself, too," he added, "you're a good girl."

He was a bluff, hearty old man—this Dr. Harrington—the family physician and confidential friend of half the town.

Maude was quite delirious before morning.

"As soon as she has a lucid interval, you must send for Father Fitzgerald, and have her prepared for death." This was the physician's verdict on his second visit. "Poor little thing! she's ready as it is, I doubt not, but I know what she would wish," he said, turning away to hide the tears that dimmed his eyes.

"Oh, Doctor, have you no hope for her?" I gasped faintly.

"The odds are against her—but I haven't given up all hope. There, there, child," he went on, more cheerfully, "take courage. I'm doing my utmost, and so are you. You're a true friend—I wish there were a few more like you in the world."

"God forbid!" I mentally exclaimed, as I hurried back to Maude.

No visitors were allowed except the Sisters of Mercy—they came every day.

Consciousness at last returned to the sufferer, and immediately we sent for Father Fitzgerald. After he had heard her confession I was re-called to the room.

"He is about to give her the Holy Viaticum, and administer extreme unction," whispered Sister Augustine.

Maude was perfectly calm and clearly conscious; her face reflected the peace that reigned in her heart. A table covered with a fine white cloth was arranged beside the bed, with crucifix and lighted candles and holy water font upon it. I knelt motionless during the solemn scene that followed. Poor Nancy, crouched at the foot of the bed, vainly endeavored to stifle her sobs.

Maude lingered yet a few days. "Only for this inflammation of the brain, I would not despair of her even now," said the physician, towards the last.

She was very quiet throughout her sickness; her delirium itself was mild. She spoke much of childhood's days—often of me, her "best and truest friend." Once only she mentioned Henry Horton. It was on the evening of her death. "I saw him just now—there—at the window!" she exclaimed suddenly, starting from the tranced state into which she had fallen.

"Whom, dear?" I asked softly.

"Henry," she murmured, "tell him good-bye for me—poor Henry, he couldn't help it."

Dr. Harrington came in soon after. "She cannot last until midnight," he said; then, drawing me into the parlor—"Henry Horton was standing on the porch, as I came up the walk; mind you don't let him see her," he whispered sternly.

The Sisters whom I had sent for arrived as the physician was leaving; and Father Fitzgerald came over to impart to the dying girl the last absolution.

"Maude, you know that in a few hours you will be in the presence of Christ, your Redeemer," he said as he was about to go; and she answered faintly:

"Yes, Father, I know it, and it is so strange—but I am not afraid."

Father Fitzgerald was a man of middle age, ascetic in appearance, grave in manner: one who had evidently borne many a hardship in the service of his Master. I conducted him to the door that evening.

"God will bless you, my child," he said, "you have acted a noble part towards that poor girl, and you will surely have your reward."

"Oh, you would not say so if you knew but all!" I could not raise my eyes to meet the searching glance he fixed on me.

"You will tell me all some day," he said, as he passed out into the balmy darkness, for it was a lovely night in October.

I returned to Maude's room, and she beckoned me to come close to her. I knelt beside her, and took her thin, burning hand in mine.

"May God reward you, darling—and deal by you even as you have dealt by me! (Oh, Maude, you knew not what you asked!) Alma, delay not to embrace the one true Faith, and persevere in it until death."

Her voice was failing fast,—she breathed with difficulty. One of the nuns wiped her forehead, already damp with the dews of death. But she had something yet to say:

"Remember," she continued slowly, and with painful effort; "God wants you, Alma, for Himself—no man's love is worth caring for, worth grieving for. God first, and last, and always."

Then she spoke no more for several hours.

Sister Augustine commenced the prayers for the dying. Maude lay motionless—her eyes wide open and very bright—her lips slightly parted—her face waxen in its transparent pallor. Oh, those trustful, innocent eyes! their look that night will haunt me to my grave.

Suddenly the difficult breathing ceased.

"It is all over," whispered Sister Augustine to her companion.

Softly, softly, from those pale, parted lips came the utterance:

"No, not over—the pain is over—the peace is only just beginning—Jesus—Mary"—

A faint color rippled over her face; a gray shadow, swiftly following, settled down upon it; a stiller silence filled the little room,—and the soul of Maude Willard had passed from time to eternity.

A few hours before the funeral, we laid her in her coffin, clad in white robe and veil, her beloved rosary clasped in her wasted fingers; and a wreath of pure white rose-buds on her forehead. The daylight was carefully excluded from the little parlor, and blessed candles shed a pure radiance over her lovely, peaceful face. I was

sitting alone beside her, for it was still very early. I think my senses were strangely dulled, for I heard no sound till a quick movement near me made me start; and then I saw Henry Horton kneeling at the foot of the coffin.

"This is my work," he murmured hoarsely, "may God forgive me!"

"Not yours alone, but mine also," I whispered; "may God forgive us both!"

I have never seen him since.

And that is all the story, Frederica. A few months after Maude's death, I was received into the Church by Father Fitzgerald. You know what my life has been during the seven years that have elapsed since that time. Now, at last, is Maude's prediction about to be accomplished; for to-morrow I enter the Convent of Mercy. Truly, despite all my sinfulness, am I called by God to a life of special consecration to his love. Why do you weep, Frederica? Pray for me, rather, that through prayer and labor and daily death to self, I may find perfect peace and pardon;—and now, good night!

K. E. CONWAY.

A RURAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN EVIAN.

"Il en est des douleurs
Comme des patries—
Chacun a la sienne."

Chateaubriand.

The exterior of the Château de Saxel in Evian, has nothing quaint, or curious, or medieval about it. It forms only one of a wall of houses in the most secluded part of the town, that which takes in the lovely view of Lake Lemman, with the Jural Alps on one side, and sunny Savoy on the other. It looks quite modern. The newly varnished portal, the bright knocker, the little windows, fended with jaunty brown shutters, and the attempt at a little observatory which rises up from the roof, as if animated with a desire to see what is going on in the upper stories of the houses over the way, are all suggestive of a quiet little residence, built up according to the most approved designs of—say twenty years ago. Another evidence of recent construction might be obtained from the number over the door and the gilded seal affixed on the wall, giving the passer-by to understand that the house was under the especial tutelage of a French insurance company. Entering, the stranger's impression of a modern residence becomes somewhat blurred by the massive thickness of the walls, and as he mounts a little flight of stairs, which terminate in a great, rambling corridor with a groined roof, he feels disposed to go farther back than twenty years, in dating the creation of the building. The appearance of four elderly ladies, who advance to meet him, smiling a welcome from high black caps, profusely adorned with funereal frills and ribbons of sepulchral sug-

gestions, does not in the least tend to dispel the growing conviction that the present century was only a possibility when the foundation stone was cast. "Ah! Monsieur was recommended by M. le Curé: would he give himself the trouble to mount another flight of steps? his room was already prepared." Up another flight, through a long corridor, corresponding to the one below, and into a room at the end. His delusion is supreme when he glances out of the open window. Turning to the four representatives of an indefinite past, he asks with hesitation, "how old is this?"—not knowing whether to call it *house, cottage, castle or palace*, he compromises and says,—"*establishment?*" Ten or twelve centuries, they are not sure. It may be a century more or less; it matters little, the Château is very ancient. But Monsieur looks fatigued, and they depart, saying that they will send him up some supper. The scene, as viewed from the window, is strange, yet beautiful. A massive round tower juts out from the rugged wall of the Château. Time and the inclement weather have long since eaten away the flinty cement which fastened the massive stones together, and the compassionate ivy, as if to hide the furrows of old age, covers the rim from the foundation to the flat roof. Two small windows at the top are barely distinguishable amid the profuse ivy. At the foot of the tower, there is a deep moat, but the lock has disappeared, and now the water rushes through it with a sullen roar, and hurries off to the lake below. A rustic bridge spans the moat, and communicates with the garden. But in the twi-

light of an evening darkened prematurely by the black stormy clouds which are descending from Ouchy and Lausanne, the eye can only discern a grove of leafless, spectral trees, for the branches are all lopped off. Grape vines entwine themselves timidly around the trunks, but their stunted boughs stand out in rude relief, and as the shrewd night-wind whistles through them, they seem to move, to toss their great arms about, like giants in an agony of wild despair. In a remote corner of the garden, looking out upon the lake, stands a little white building; but amid the darkening shadows the eye is unable to distinguish whether it be an oratory or a summer house. Away out in the western sky, the Jural Alps rise up like a gigantic wall, still bearing on their crest a dark red tinge, the tell-tale of a truant ray of the declining sun. The lake is agitated and fretful at the rising wind, and the Alps of Savoy seem to have muffled themselves up against a stormy night. While eating his supper, the stranger is told the history of the last titled owner of the Château, and as the wind howls without, and the angry waves of the lake are dashed with a deafening roar against the wall which has been erected on the shore, one of the four sisters crosses herself and says, "On a night like this poor De Saxel and his blind father were drowned, and Theodule, pauvrete! became a lonely widow." Meeting a look of interest from the stranger, and a smile of approval from her sisters, she continues. "Undoubtedly there is many an important historical recollection connected with this Château, for it was one of the strongholds of the dukes of Savoy. The round tower out there is the only one of eleven which, history tells us, defended the town of Evian. It, too, has an interest, for from it our people fought the apostate Swiss. During the Reign

of Terror it was a refuge for the poor priests of Evian. They entered the tower by that door at your shoulder, and the masons came and walled it up, and so it became a living tomb for them. Food was lowered down to them through a hole in the top. When at last peace was restored, and they were disentombed, two of them had already passed away to that life in which there are no revolutions, no terrors. A hollow grave had been scooped out for them by their surviving brethren under the floor of the tower. The Château belonged from time immemorial to the Chivalrous house of Montfalcon. The Convent of Poor Clares, next door to us, formed the other half of the castle which was defended by the tower. The present chapter's room was once the grand salon of the Montfalcons. They counted heroes in every generation, and the last of their noble race was a heroine after God's own heart, our darling Theodule. She was born in this room. At the tender age of three, she was bereft of father and mother, and left to the care of her grandfather, whose sight was fast failing him. Being a lone old man, and very learned, he taught her many things; literature, history and music. She had no companions but her grandfather and Leon, the mastiff. Sometimes, while the old man slept, she would send for us to play with her; but that was while she was yet a child. She never forgot those hours, for when her will was opened it was discovered that she had bequeathed this wing of the Château with the tower to us. The other half she gave to the Clarissess. When she was sixteen, her grandfather became hopelessly blind, and after that she seemed to become his tutor. She read for him, played for him, led him every morning to hear the early mass, and walked with him in the garden in the evening. The dog followed them every

where, excepting into the church. He always waited at the door until they came out. Theodule knew nothing of the world, save what she learned from books, and she seemed not to care about anything beyond the walls of the old Château. The young Count de Saxel came often, but he never stayed long. He was always sailing on the lake, or hunting in the woods. But the old man loved him for his innocent cheerfulness, and it was but natural that Theodule should love him too. Whenever he was announced in the garden, Theodule always left her grandfather's side in the arbor, and met him on the bridge of the moat. They were of one age, but at the time of which I speak he seemed much older than she, being bronzed with much exposure. He, too, had received an excellent education in the Jesuits' College at Liege, where he had been placed at the death of his father by his uncle, who was then the Curé of this village. We had always been accustomed to think of Theodule as being beautiful. She was tall and slender. Her hair was fair and streamed in luxuriant profusion over her shoulders. But the loveliness of her face was its pale brightness, all aglow with the light which seemed to shine from her limpid eyes—I know not why, they seemed to be looking at something very far away, and the most vivid recollection I have of her, is that of a tall figure dressed in white, and gazing away out on the lake. On the morning of her twentieth birthday, the young count came and accompanied both to the early mass, and when they left the altar, she was the Countess Theodule de Saxel. There was no noisy rejoicing at the Château in consequence, but there was gladness in the dwellings of the poor, and in the hospitals, for the young count gave great charities on the occasion. The old man, too, signified his happiness at the event, by ordering the

restoration of the tower of the Church, and Theodule placed a crown of golden lilies on the statue of our Lady of the *Oratoire de Savoie*, which stands on the mountain side overlooking the lake. After the marriage of Theodule, the old Château was repaired on the street side, but at the request of the old man, the garden-side and tower were left as they had always been, to the protection of the ivy. The great *salon* was frequently open now, and brilliant entertainments were given. In these entertainments Theodule never left the side of her grandfather, not even when she was requested to play. Her harp was always placed beside her when she sat near him. Though married, she never braided her hair, because it pleased him to touch the tresses and play with them. She never wore the coronet, save at the express wish of her husband and grandfather, and used to say that she wanted no crown but their love. Beyond this, her marriage made little change in her life. She had always been happy, and this change in her life only seemed to give a mellow tinge of perfection to her quiet bliss. She had but one longing before the marriage, and that was, that he would not be so long in coming. Now he was with her, and his devotion to the old man made all three happier still. Nay, let me say *four*, because Leon, regarding himself as the protector of the patriarch and his child, conceived a great attachment towards his young master, particularly because he accompanied his wife and father into the church, whence the laws of propriety had excluded himself, and prevented him from being on duty there, too. "Let me remark homiletically here," continued the old lady with insistence, "that if the young men of our day divested themselves of the irreligious conceit that they have only to accompany their wives once to

the altar, when they pronounce the marriage vows, we would not hear so much of domestic unhappiness and divorce as we do. Thank God, we never married, and we are very happy, are we not, sisters?" The venerable counterparts of herself bowed an affirmative, and she went on. "Well, poor Theodule was destined to be unhappy in this world, albeit the fault was not her husband's. It was simply the will of God, because He loved her, and loving her He chastised her. After her marriage, her young husband frequently persuaded her and the old man to sail with him in a beautiful little yacht, which he called *Theodule*. It was their custom to sail over to Ouchy, and then coast along the Jural shore, and return home with the evening breeze. Their way to the lake led them by the church, but they always entered and prayed awhile. That, too, was a part of the afternoon's amusement. Sometimes the darkness overtook them before they touched the shore at Evian, and then a pale blue light might be seen dancing on the lake, and the villagers knew that it was the *Theodule*, and used to say, "May the good God watch over our Theodule, and those she loves!" One lovely afternoon, towards the end of September, it might have been a year after their marriage, the young count proposed a sail on the lake. "The breeze is up, my Theodule," said he, "and the ride will refresh you, and bring life to your cheeks, for you are pale to-day." She pleaded weakness, but she added, "take my father and Leon with you, Godefroid, and when you are in the Church say a prayer to the 'Happy Mother' for me." He understood the significance of her words and kissed her gently. There was some hesitation in the old man's manner of taking leave of her, and he seemed reluctant to withdraw his thin white hand from its usual resting-place, Theodule's tresses. At

last he arose and said, "I am ready; my son, where is your hand; *au revoir*, ma petite." Now, since his blindness, the old man had never been known to say *au revoir*—until we see each other again. He invariably used the expression of leave-taking, *sans adieu*. It sounded strangely to Theodule, and when they left her she repeated to herself the words of her father "*au revoir*, ma petite: he shall never see me until we meet beyond that gulf where it is all vision. My poor blind father! His memory is going too." But the event proved that the old man had that strange presentiment of the future which reason is impotent to explain. They went into the Church, as was their wont, and Godefroid prayed long and earnestly before the altar of our Lady. Leon waited impatiently at the door. Theodule saw from the arbor the little craft cut loose from its moorings, and she waved her handkerchief as it shot out from the shore in the direction of Ouchy. Godefroid and Leon saw her in the distance, and when the old man was told of it he took off his black velvet cap and waved it. Soon they were out of sight, and Theodule, as was her custom in the evening, repaired to the Church to pray, and the beggars who had congregated around the door against her coming out, said to one another, "our Theodule prays long to-day." But the sun which shone so brightly when the *Theodule* set sail, became overcast with the dark clouds which sprang up in the direction of Ouchy and Vevey, and it was evident that a storm was imminent. When Theodule came out of the Church she looked up at the sky with an air of puzzled alarm, but the poor assured her that it was nothing, and that the *Theodule* had naught to fear. She walked hurriedly to the Château, and passing through the hall, went out into the garden that she might see the lake. It was fearfully agi-

tated, and heaved violently. The *Theodule* was not in sight, and the anxious watcher prayed in her heart that her husband would remain at Ouchy, rather than attempt to recross the lake when there was every evidence of a tempest. The sun was going down behind mountains of ominous, dun-colored clouds, and yet no appearance of the *Theodule*. The wind swept down the lake in all its mightiness, lashing the blue water into a billowy phrensy, and the waves rushed shorewards as if to escape the angry elements, and were dashed to pieces against the abutments. Theodule sat in the summer-house, her hands clasped before her, and heedless of the wind which blew her tresses about her face. Her gaze was riveted on the upheaving expanse before her. How she prayed against seeing the pale blue light of her husband's bark! But it was already far out on the lake, stemming the waves bravely. Was it fancy, or only the reflection in the lake of a solitary star, that glimmered through an opening in the stormy clouds? No, reflection was impossible on those billows. It must have been fancy. But it appeared again, and then vanished from sight like a meteor. Then it arose in a momentary calm, and sent a ray of blue light glimmering towards Evian. "God help the *Theodule*," was the exclamation of the watchers assembled on the landing-pier. Theodule saw the light too, but it was the darkness of despair to her. Her worst fear had been realized. She never moved; the power of action was gone, for her soul was in the storm-beaten boat, and the strength of her arm with the brave fellow who plied the oars with the force of a giant. But human strength was naught against the combined fury of winds and waves. The light disappeared and she never saw it more.

We found her sitting there with her hands clasped before her, but

her head had fallen upon her breast, and we thought her dead. It was only a swoon, and we carried her into the Château and laid her in her bed. For weeks she lay there, in a sort of dreamy unconsciousness, and when she awoke her eyes rested on her own beautiful babe that slept at her side. She knew by our looks that the bodies had not been found. To the amazement of all the village, the dog appeared at the Château on the morning after the storm, carrying a black velvet cap between his teeth. The poor brute had battled with the waves for hours, never releasing his hold of the old man's cap. He carried it home as a souvenir of the dead.

Theodule's boy was the sweetest child of earth, and the village people said he was an angel, sent by the *bon Dieu* to comfort the lovely Theodule. She called him Godefroid. As before her marriage, so now, the garden of the old Château had its three occupants. Only, instead of a blind old man, with long white hair and beard, there was a loving child, with long golden ringlets. Leon was there as usual, but not so frisky. Theodule looked more lovely than ever, but her eyes were not so limpid and bright as before. Sorrow left a shadow there. She had the old way of looking away out upon the lake, and now she shaded her eyes with her hand, and seemed to gaze more intently. The little summer-house was transformed into an oratory, and there she spent most of her time. She was never seen in the town, excepting in the morning when she went to the church. Well, the boy grew up to be a manly little fellow of four. He used to prattle with Theodule the live-long day. He often asked his mother to take him to the grave of Père and Grand Père, but she would shake her head and say, "we can never go there." "But when I die," said the boy, "I shall rest with them, shall I not, Mamma?" "O yes, child, but not

upon this earth," and she would gaze at that spot in the lake, where her heart told her they slept. Let me be brief. That child died. Theodule was never known to speak afterwards. She was seen some weeks after, at the earliest mass in the Church, and from our window we saw her every day in the garden for twenty-five years. She would walk up and down, up and down from the oratory to the bridge of the moat, and I believe she never stood on that bridge without looking towards the lake. She was always accompanied by Leon. A few years after the child went away, the dog became blind, and she seemed to be more attached to him than ever. She would stop often in her beat, and stoop down to caress the scarred head of the poor brute—scars that he received on that eventful night—and once we saw her kiss them. One day she walked in the garden alone, and then we knew that Leon was dead. I am sure that she buried him herself in that corner of the garden to which she used to repair every morning and water some flowers. Beyond her appearance on the bridge of the moat, as she passed into the garden on her way to the oratory, we saw little of her. But she invariably carried a small book in her hand: it seemed to be a prayer-book. But after her death we knew it was the "Following of Christ." And so the years rolled by. She grew old. We saw the tresses that had once been fair, whiten, and the arched brow, so white and perfect, become wrinkled. To the end, she never braided her hair, only in the last fifteen years of her life she wore a hood like a Sister of Mercy. The people spoke of her as a saint. She was charitable to the end, but no one knew of her charities but her old domestic. That she had not lost the power of speech we knew from the fact that she confessed every morning in life to Père Gilbert—God rest him! No

one knew how she lived at home, and no one was ever curious to enter the Château. But we knew that she lived in the past, and dwelt upon its memories, until they became a present to her. The only reality we associated with her present was her piety and her utter loneliness. One night about three years ago, the old domestic came to our house looking very sad. She merely whispered, "it is all over: the last of the Montfalcons is gone. I went to the oratory after sundown to bring her into the house as usual, and I found her with her head resting upon her hand, and she seemed to be looking out at the lake. But the poor eyes grew tired at last, and I saw they were closed." We buried her in the churchyard beside her child, twenty-five years after his death, and thirty after the wreck of the *Theodule*. It was a long time to wait, but she bore her pilgrimage like a Christian heroine. We found, on going through the rooms of the old Château, that nothing had been moved or changed during those thirty years. Everything in her rooms was in its own place of twenty-five and thirty years ago. The child's little crib beside her own bed was snugly made up, and her wardrobe contained the old-fashioned dresses which were worn in those days. The little boy's clothes hung in order with her own. Her husband's and grandfather's rooms had never been changed. The dressing-table of her husband showed that confusion which marks recent use. His watch lay there just as if he had forgotten it in his hurry to be off on the fatal lake. The old man's rosary hung beside his bed, and the crucifix was lying in the very position in which it was found after the catastrophe. All this the old domestic attested, and she said that Theodule had given strict orders that nothing should be removed, and that the rooms should be kept in the same

order, as if the old occupants were expected hourly. There were many curious things to be seen at the sale, and people flocked from all the towns bordering the lake to look at them. Not the least curious was her wardrobe. It was a great store room of old silks and quaint laces, and ruffles, and caps that had been in the family time out of mind. After her death, we came to live in this wing, and the Poor Clares occupy the other side. And now, I have given you Theodule's history. But when you rise to-morrow morning, go down to the little oratory and you will see her biography inscribed on the walls with her own hand. Her sorrows did not alienate her from God.

The exterior of the oratory is simple. There is no evidence of its sacred purpose but the little cross which rises out of the cone roof. It is barely distinguishable among the vines and trees which surround it. The interior contains a little altar, upon which there is a statue of the Blessed Virgin. A sanctuary lamp is suspended from the arched ceiling. A little window with a cushioned sill looks out upon the lake. A fire-place, a work table, and a chair. Such is the oratory. But its chief interest is in the inscriptions on the wall. To the reader, who has heard the preceding history, they require no comments. They relate, with pregnant brevity, the sorrows of a lonely woman, and at the same time show a spirit of union with God, and resignation to His will, which characterize souls that aim at perfection. On the wall, left of the altar, in large painted characters, there is the following: "Fortune! Infortune! Th. de S." On the other side of the altar there is another

inscription, which shows that she was not a senseless victim of misfortune, and that she knew how to turn her trials to account before God.

"Si je suis victime,
Je ne suis tontefois
Pas dupe—Th. de S."

I may be a victim, but I am not therefore a dupe. Farther on she leaves a touching record of the death of her child:

"Quoique dorée sur ses bors,
La coupe de la vie
A parn trop amère
À l'enfant, et il a détourné la tête:
Th. de S."

Though gilded its edge, the cup of life seemed too bitter to the boy, and he turned his head aside.

In another sentence, she appeals to God, and asks Him to take her sorrows into consideration when about to judge her.

"Mon Dieu! Comptez les douleurs,
Et mettez les en balance! Th. de S."

My God! count my sorrows, and throw them into the balance. Farther on she comes to a final conclusion in her meditations on the lot of man here below, and convinces herself of the profound truth expressed by Chateaubriand, whose words she inscribes on the wall:

"Il en est de douleurs,
Comme des patries—
Chacon a la sienne."

It is with sorrow, as with country.—everybody has his own.

To this outpouring of a sorrowful yet noble soul, the stranger subscribed.

There are heroes and heroines in this life whose biographies are unwritten in books, but the Recording Angel above chronicles their sufferings in letters of glory, and joyfully reads them out at the final reckoning.

LITERATURE IN ITS RELATIONS WITH RELIGION.

In an age in which Literature daily claims to exercise more of social power, it seems desirable to ascertain what are its chief relations to that for which society, no less than the individual, exists—Religion. On the present occasion we do not profess to treat this great theme in its completeness. While putting forward what seem to us important truths, it is necessary to remark that certain converse statements might also be made with truth. It is not in one mode only, but in several—and these of a very different character—that Religion and Literature affect each other. The same remark applies to many things beside. For example, true patriotism finds its highest support and sanction in religion; while yet it is certain that one of the most forcible charges brought in early times against Christianity was that it exercised an influence unfavorable to patriotism; an influence which indeed it must ever exert against the sentiment as understood by the mere worldly mind. So, again, friendships of an ardent character may be favorable at one period to a man's religious condition, and yet at a more advanced period of religious progress may exercise a retarding influence upon it. In affirming that it is in religion that literature finds its noblest inspiration and its steadiest support, we neither deny that religion may at certain periods tend also to supersede literature, nor would we conceal the fact that it has always exercised, unless its just authority has been disowned, a restraining as well as a protecting power over its noble nursling.

Still less do we mean to imply that literature has ever acquitted

itself of its debt to religion. However high its claims may be, its responsibilities must rise in the same proportion. They have never been frankly met and adequately discharged by the fully-developed literature of any period. No nation yet has produced a literature worthy of being called Christian, as a whole; and during long periods the literature of more nations than one has been Pagan, and sometimes worse than Pagan. In modern times governments have more often made a religious confession than literatures have done so; and it is well known how wide, at best, has commonly been in their case the interval between the confession and the performance. The Christian Faith and the Christian Church have encountered no more envenomed enmities than in the diseased literatures that have hung over diseased nations, like a mist over a swamp. Should an opportunity of discussing that part of the subject present itself, it will not be difficult to show that there are two great main causes whence proceed the prevarications which have so often changed letters into a curse; and that these are no other than those two great seductions by which individual souls have also been most desolated, viz: Sensuality and Pride; the former chiefly affecting the literature of southern nations, and the latter that of northern. Literature has, like man, its Original Sin, which is ever the prolific source of transgressions in detail, and still more abundantly of omissions. But it has also, like man, its heavenly origin, and its *mens melior*. The brighter theme is that which now lies before us; but it must ever be remembered that the eleva-

tion which literature in its ideal form may justly claim is the severest condemnation of its shortcomings and rebellions. Literature has often been false to religion, but never without being false to itself at the same time; often noxious to society, especially in the periods of its false glories, but never without being likewise suicidal.

Taking, then, literature in its highest sense, as the recorded and careful utterance of men and of nations, their selectest and most harmonized yet spontaneous utterance, when dealing with those problems the vital importance of which, as well as their nearness to our sympathies, compel utterance, what is the origin of literature? Many persons, especially in modern times, would refer that origin to mere love of excitement, to the instinct of activity, or to intellectual vanity. Others would attribute it to sources not more elevated; and they would have spoken too often with a show of reason. Yet assuredly we are not to form our judgment of anything from its degradations chiefly. To estimate it aright, we must contemplate it in the light of that idea which determines its true character.

If we would know the true origin of literature, we have but to bear in mind the origin of human intellect itself. That intellect is the attribute of a creature made in the Divine Image; and it is the faculty through which his whole being is irradiated with light and truth. It could never have been intended, therefore, to occupy itself chiefly with material objects. The first man walked with his Creator, and all things in this world were made subject to him. It was not assuredly among those inferior things that his thoughts habitually dwelt. The lower world of sensuous objects constituted but a language through which he interpreted that higher world of spirit which was his spirit's

home. Contemplating them with this piercing insight, he saw, through them, their inner meanings; and his eye was not permanently stayed upon the outward form. No book was needed then, for Creation itself, transparent in the smybolic language of its divinely-ordered forms, lay as a volume ever open beneath the eye of its new-created lord. Where his descendants spell out feebly a letter or a syllable in that language, he read the words in clear succession. He found in Creation an image of the Uncreated Word; and all that he read in nature's face was a hymn to her Maker's praise. As the un-fallen man saw, so he spake. Nature was a divine language, through which the Creator revealed Himself to His creature. Language became conversely the voice by which all nature, speaking through man, her representative and high priest, offered up to her Creator the tribute of her confession and veneration. We are told that when God made all His creatures pass before the eyes of their new master, that master assigned to them names. He could have done so only in virtue of an insight which descried in each creature its proper character, and of an impulse through which he attested and stamped in words the character so descried. In this act we find the type of all human language, and of literature as the selectest and most developed product of language. Even in his fallen condition it has ever been given to man, and to him alone of mortal creatures, to discern the interior meaning and essential character of the objects that surround him, and of events no less, looking through the sense and reaching to the spirit, and to express in language what he has so discerned. Among the objects of the mere outward sense, man has ever felt himself to be but a sojourner. His native home has been elsewhere.

His noblest language has been the translation of material objects into their spiritual representatives taken from the region of thought. His highest literature has therefore been the sigh of the captive, or the song of the wayfarer on his pilgrimage. He has ever felt things above him to be nearer than things around him, and things below him to be his, only when raised to his level by a transforming power that made them cease to be mere material objects.

To sum up what has been said—Creation itself stood forth to un-fallen man the primary *revelation* of that Creator in whose Image he was made. The radiant scroll needed no interpreter so long as man looked upon it with eyes invigorated by the unblunted light of supernatural grace. When he became a rebel against that high grace, the lower part of his nature rebelled against the higher. Intelligence, disowning faith, was dethroned by the passions. A cloud rose up between man's eyes and the universe. That universe hung before him as an orb in eclipse, clad in darkness, with disastrous and minatory aspect. Nature, no longer an open volume, needed an interpreter. Literature became its interpreter. Her mission was comparatively an humble one, for it was with nature chiefly that she dealt; yet to her, too, was accorded, so far as she was faithful to her trust, a gracious aid, calling past things to her recollection, and also leading her on into truth. In science and in song her assiduous labor was to interpret aright the dubious aspects of nature, and make clear that mirror which had once reflected the Divine Countenance. That she did not labor wholly in vain is the testimony both of profane and of sacred letters.

However the empiric or mere man of the world may smile at a philosophy which, in endeavoring to trace literature back to its source,

is not content till it has mounted to those high and luminous table-lands on which heaven and earth seem to meet, nothing is more certain than that we have no choice except between such an estimate of it and one that is in essence materialism. We may follow whichever we prefer of two distinct lines of thought; but we must also reach its close. An Epicurean or a Cynical philosophy (the latter being but the former turned sour) must needs form an Epicurean or a Cynical theory of literature. The path which they prescribe will lead us down a swift descent, and trace literature to a stagnant source amid the flats of our sensual nature. Such a theory would be plausible were all literature like that which has been corrupted by the two chief diseases already referred to, which prey upon it,—sensuality and pride. But were that theory a true one, assuredly literature would have won for herself no permanent place among the Humanities. Humanity is not mere mortality. It is that common ground of being in which an immortal spirit stands united to mortal clay. Whatever, therefore, belongs to the Humanities, must deduce its origin from a region in which the immortal part of our nature is adequately represented. So considered, its defections and aberrations will constitute but a single instance of that battle which, with alternate successes and defeats, has ever been waged between the higher and the lower portions of man's nature. If literature be, in its archetypal form and its nobler aspirations, a lesser temple, in which all that belongs to the larger temple of the creation stands epitomized and claims reverence, then indeed we may well grant that the contrast is painful when we look in upon the defilements with which the inner chambers of that temple have been so often debased. This may be granted; but what does it

amount to, except what would have been anticipated not only by Christianity, but by a philosophy which recognized a conflict between the better mind in man and the corruption which clogs its every movement? The marvel admitted, it is surely not more marvelous than that the fanes of religion herself should in old times have sunk into a house of idols, or that, where an authentic religion was maintained, and hard by the precinct of the sacrifice, the money-changers should have possessed themselves of the Temple.

The most exalted estimate of literature is the only one which leaves it any rational place to occupy in the system of things. For what is literature but the speech of man reduced to method and recorded? and what is speech but the utterance of man's soul? It is the soul that speaks; the body but supplies the mechanical instrumentality. Genuine literature, then, must be yet more inwardly the work of the soul, since there is more of forethought about it than accompanies ordinary speech. Once more: if speech be the utterance of man's soul, upon what subjects does that soul utter itself? It can find but three: the world around us, that is, nature; the world within us; and the world above us. In discoursing of outward objects, as Divine Providence makes them pass successively before the eyes of the individual, or of the whole race, we too, as has already been remarked, like our first parent when the animal creation passed before him, have to assign to them "names." These names, or descriptions, what are they but the account rendered by the human intelligence of the visible objects around it—of their meaning, their functions, and their end? The chief of these objects is Man. We see the radiant apparition emerge out of darkness and pass once more into darkness. We see the child

with his playthings, and, ambushed near him, the task he cannot elude, the destiny that never averts its eye from him. We see the youth with a world for his plaything; and, insurgent all around him, a storm of passions, any one of which is competent to create or obliterate a world. We see the man with his many labors, yet not deserted by the heavenly guardian of his youth; and lastly the wrinkled being, feeble as childhood, and evanescent like a dying melody. Through the mirror of our intelligence the vision passes in mournful transit. We give it a name; and that name is, *philosophy*. We gaze again. This time it is not an individual that passes before us, but a race. In long procession its successive changes follow each other beneath our ken. It is a family; it has become a tribe; it grows into a clan; it swells into a people; it is matured into a nation; it expands itself into an empire. All its chances pass before us: the internal strife and the external; the sufferings that were but growing pains, and the wound that nothing could heal; the prosperity that rewarded industry; the feebleness that followed prosperity; vice, and the suicide that vice ends in; the decay, and the dissolution. The vision has passed; we give it a name; that name is *history*. Or the vision is of Nature, with her numberless angel-like ministrations—her awakening fountains, her shades, her mountains, her inspiring billows and overawing caves. Every one of these, as it passes, has its special gift to man—a cheering influence for the weary, a benign calm for the tumultuous, a shield for the timid, a summons to the brave, an oracle to the vigilant intelligence. As these ministrations pass before us we give them names; and those names are *poetry*. The largest description, the most varied illustration, are still but names expanded; and in them lurks a power which

reminds us how nearly allied are *nomen* and *numen*,—that gods have been Names, and that Names have wielded godlike might.

The necessity for so naming them is deduced from the essentials of human nature. Without so naming and knowing them, we should be cut off from all practical intercourse with outward objects; or rather the intercourse of man with nature would be reduced to that between the slave and his lord. The less we knew of nature, the less we should be able to master nature through her laws; and the more, consequently, we should, through our physical necessities, be mastered by her. If, then, man's speech as regards the external and visible world, be an interpreting power, without which the due relations between man and nature would be reversed, need we ask whether it be necessary that that speech be a true speech, and that the "names" which he assigns to surrounding objects be in harmony with their real nature? The need of a true and worthy speech is yet greater when the office of language is to reveal the world within us than when it has but to interpret the outer sphere; and is greater in the same proportion as the world of thought excels in dignity the world of the senses. Still higher becomes the necessity for an adequate speech, when it relates neither to nature nor to finite spirit, but to the infinite, the eternal, and the absolute. Human speech, then, whether it deals with the world around, within, or above us, or with the mutual relations in which the objects of these three worlds stand to each other, is a function and a franchise belonging primarily to man's spiritual being; and to exercise it with reverence is an essential condition of really exercising it at all. Man's speech belongs to the animal part of man's being only when it has been perverted from its true office, and when its marvelous

and transcendent origin, functions, and destinies have been surrendered "in sad metempsychosis to the brute." It is not wonderful that he should deal with the divine gift of speech as he has too often dealt with the other attributes of his nature; or that a low philosophy, founded on a low practice, should in the one case, as in the other, exercise its ingenuity in deducing what belongs to man's spiritual being from an origin merely material.

We all know the theory, equally remarkable for the skepticism and the credulity it displays, by which a certain class of materialistic philosophers account for the origin of human language. They find it more easy to believe that mankind invented language and grammar, or that the pile built itself up by gradual accretions, than to believe that speech constituted a part of man's original being—a divine gift ministering to a divine end. How, previously to the use of language, there existed among men that concert necessary in order to carry out this great conspiracy in favor of civilization; or how, upon the theory of progressive accretion, it was found possible to build, when there existed no first stone on which to lay the second, they omit to state. These do not exceed, however, the difficulties we have to encounter in the defence of the analogous theory respecting literature—such a theory, namely, as would make it but an ingenious contrivance, proceeding chiefly from the lower part of man's nature; not the utterance of his total being, the spontaneous voice of his intellect, imagination, and soul, the higher being the predominating influence. Indeed, all that has been said respecting the origin and office of speech itself applies with undiminished force to literature. If speech finds its origin in body, we need not suppose literature to be properly the voice of the soul. If the one

was intended but to amuse us, or enable us to transact our external affairs, so doubtless was the other. If truth be not essentially connected with the origin and function of speech, or if Truth itself can exist as a mere material veracity, without a support from what is spiritual in man, then literature must share the degradation of speech: it too must be free to give to all objects spurious names; it may reason rightly or wrongly, as it pleases; it may lift up the heart of man to his native region and heavenly home, or labor like a drudge in the palace-prison of the baser appetites. But if we reject this theory, which without the aid of philosophic pretensions approves itself at corrupt periods of literature to the logic of man's instincts, then we must be consistent in our turn. We are by no means called on to believe that literature should concern itself with its more exalted themes alone. We may even hold that to confound the provinces of literature and religion is the gravest injury to both; but notwithstanding we must attribute to literature a spiritual origin, and a scope consistent with that origin. If neither directly nor indirectly it contributes to the moral elevation of man,—if it maintains no harmony, however remote, with his spiritual being,—literature must be accounted but the incontinent babble of nations.

But to vindicate the exalted origin of literature we are not thrown exclusively upon speculation. We have distinct evidence on the subject from three other sources beside—from revelation, from history, and from practical influences daily at work around us. We know upon a divine testimony that every good and perfect gift comes from above. Among such gifts, that which trains the intelligence of man, and so largely affects his social relations, must surely have a place; nor can it more efficaciously come to us

from above than by descending upon our daily life through the more elevated part of our being. Next to religion, literature is a nation's light: if that light becomes darkness, the darkness is deep indeed; but if it remains a light defying the storm, and not stifled even when in part deflected by the gross vapors around it, why may we not say of it that it comes from the "Father of lights?" Its original dignity is attested by the fact that God Himself, in giving a revelation to man, selected Letters as one of the two great instrumentalities through which that revelation was perpetuated. As among institutions He created one institution, the Church, and secured it by His indwelling Spirit from the frailties which subvert all institutes beside, so likewise in the midst of the various literatures of the nations He built up one literature, the inspired Scriptures of His elect people, and secured it, through the same Spirit, from the errors that affect all literatures beside. But in both cases alike what He has done has been effected, not by visibly miraculous agencies, strange as angelic interventions, but by the consecration of elements that already existed, and by a gift sealing them against contamination. As the Church is human society itself, divinely recast in the mould of the second Adam,—the antetype and sanction of all societies, from the earliest bond of clanship to the noblest development of national existence,—so is it likewise with the inspired volume; and sacred literature, while it supplies the defects, corrects the errors, and directs the forces of all literature beside, attests at the same time its dignity by sharing, while it redeems its nature. The word "Bible" means the *Book*. In it alone the genuine office of books is expounded to us. Nations, and secular literatures, belong alike but to the natural order; but in that in-

ferior order they are images respectively of the Church and of the Bible. Their true significance and lofty origin are disclosed to us by the unblemished creations which they represent; and with that significance, of course, their shortcomings are disclosed no less.

On this subject—the elevated origin of literature—history speaks plainly, whether we consider Hebrew literature or that of the Gentile world. Every department of letters mixes itself up historically either with inspired documents, or at least with sacred traditions. Among the Hebrews, literature not only stood connected with revelation, but was identified with it, the uninspired portion of it being little more than an expansion of the inspired. Where a revealed literature challenged the chosen nation, there a merely human literature fell into a subordinate place; and though it existed, it existed but as a satellite, less illuminating than irradiated by the central orb. Among the Hebrews poetry flowed from an inspired source. Shaken in musical triumph from the cymbal of Mary the sister of Aaron, an earlier Magnificat, it sounded the pæan of a nation's deliverance:—passing over the harp of the royal minstrel, it carried with it every emotion that could stir the religious soul, from the princely spirit of confirmed faith and love to the humblest sigh of love made known in penitence. If we seek for philosophy and ethics, we have but to turn to the Prophets, in whom we find a truth in its nakedness stronger than it could be in armor, and of a dignity which exceeds what it could derive from the court-robes of a stately rhetoric; a truth so pure that every isolated text sparkles like a gem; so piercing that every verse has a message for each of us; so manifold that as often as we study it from a new point of view we find in it a new

meaning; so unostentatious that in the dry statement of a fact there lurks more of suggested wisdom than in piles of labored argument. If we seek for history, we find here the only complete one which the human race possesses. In it we follow a nation, in many respects the great type of nationality, from its earliest origin in the family to its more enlarged existence, through all the successive stages of the tribe, the commonwealth, and the monarchy. In this history alone the breast of a nation lies transparent before us; we trace action and suffering to their secret springs; we weigh contingencies in a balance not human but divine; we measure the deeds and fortunes of men by a measuring-rod taken from the sanctuary; our attention is not stayed upon secondary instrumentalities; but is directed at once to primary causes; and we learn that a nation's strength is from above, and that adversity is at once the consequence of unrighteousness, its punishment, and, when rightly used, its indulgence and expiation.

Hebrew history is not only the sole complete, but the sole true history possessed by man. To what does it owe this distinction? Not solely to the fact of its being an inspired, but also to that of its being a religious history. Looking forth on the vast and various field of human action, it selects the true *point of view*. In all history alike the facts narrated must ever bear but a small proportion to those omitted. The truth of history must therefore depend largely upon two conditions: (1) the adoption of a right principle in the selection of facts recorded, and (2) the use of a right method in the grouping of these facts. These two conditions necessarily presuppose that the historian has occupied an eminence sufficiently lofty to command the whole field of human relations. It is in religion that history finds that

eminence ; for religion alone “ looks before and after,” seeing causes and consequences in one, and clasping the total destinies of man. Were it possible to write a universal history, it would by necessity prove a religious history ; for while each separate nation has its special character and proper interest, religion is that universal element which belongs to them all. That which would prove the sole common interest in the history of the world must needs be likewise the supreme interest in the history of each nation. Hebrew history, in making religion its vantage-ground, selects a point of view the opposite of that which the world selects, but selects also the only true one, elevation and truth being in such matters substantially one ; and while the worldly historians present us with a lively and dramatic picture of that which *seems*, religion alone exhibits the steadfast image of that which *is*. It vindicates the true idea of history—an idea to which the monastic chroniclers, though without the advantages of inspiration, have at least had the merit of being faithful. The connection, then, between Hebrew history and religion is not to be regarded merely as an incidental fact of past times ; but as one of those instances in which the true function of an art stands revealed by its highest exemplar. The religious character of Jewish history indicates to us what *literature* requires as well as faith.

The books of Moses illustrate the essential connection between literature and religion with yet more significance than the rest of the Hebrew canon, because they include the earliest traditions of the human race, and thus disclose to us the earliest movements of the human mind. The circumstance that these books are inspired detracts nothing from the significance (relatively to the subject of our inquiry) of the fact that in them we find the noblest

specimens of poetry, of philosophy, and of history. The various departments of literature do not lose their proper nature, because in those books they are “ clothed upon” with a more celestial nature, and named by new and nobler names. In them poetry soars into hymn and thanksgiving psalm ; and philosophy is divinely informed by theology. In them history mounts to the highest ground of sacred record, and seems often to touch upon the border-land of parable ; because those earliest records became *inclusively* parables of God’s dealings with man, from the circumstance of their being the most typical memorials of man, and, as such, preserved when the rest were lost. There is perhaps no book which so memorably illustrates the religious origin of literature as the book of Job, by some accounted the oldest of all books. In it poetry, philosophy, and history, not only exist in their highest forms and most unfallen purity, but they coexist and interpenetrate each other ; thus representing that original unity of literature which existed when literature and religion were blended like light and heat in the sun’s ray—long before the white beam had been passed through a prism, and in its division had given rise to the various departments of letters.

But we have yet another witness to summon. The evidence of history respecting the religious origin of literature is hardly less plain when we turn to the Pagan literature of the ancient world. In Egypt, and in various countries of Asia, the earliest if not the only literature seems to have been religious. It was what was needed as an accompaniment of religious rites, or it transmitted in a legendary form at once the chief ideas of religion and the chief records of the nation. Such was the case likewise in the earliest Sanskrit literature. In it the basis of all learning is laid in

theology; the drama itself, as in the instances of *Sacontala* and the mystic *Christna*, being a nursling of the temple. In China, as in India, the earliest literature, like the earliest legislation, rests on a religious foundation. In Greece, above all, where the human intellect reached its utmost development, literature found its origin on the heights of religion. The earliest Greek poets, whose works have for the most part perished, were mystics who in hymn and legend celebrated the marvels of the unseen world, or interpreted the dark ways of nature to man. Such, from what is recorded of *Orpheus*, of *Musæus*, and of *Linus*, we may believe to have been the original Grecian conception of poetry and its office. No poet is more human-hearted than *Homer*; yet, though the higher ideas of the Pagan religion are said to have been sensualized in his familiar song, and the transmitted truths to have lost much of their spirituality, it is not the less true that he could not sing of men without singing of a divine power too; that human life, as set forth by him, is a struggle between visible and invisible forces; that however he may incite to vain-glory or flatter unworthy passions, yet valour, patriotism, hospitality, and many a virtue beside, are also enforced with a religious sanction; and that, according to his teaching, an earthly life, cheerful, generous, and devout, was but the prelude to immortal existence. In *Hesiod* the supernatural holds a yet larger place. We know him chiefly as a writer on the nature of the gods; nor is it possible to read such narratives as belong to his theogony without perceiving that beneath the veil of allegory the Grecian mythology preserved and embodied numberless momentous truths. So deeply was this felt by *Lord Bacon*—no extravagant admirer of the ancients, and the great pioneer of a philosophy very differ-

ent from theirs—that he devoted one of his most remarkable works, less known than it deserves to be, entitled “*The Wisdom of the Ancients*,” to the elucidation of the mythological legends, in which he discovered innumerable illustrations of religious, of social, and even of political problems.

To appreciate, however, the mythological department of Grecian literature, the origin and root of the whole, it is by no means sufficient to regard the ancient fables merely as symbols of recondite truths arrived at by the contemplative faculty of man. The truths thus emblemized were a portion of that primal Revelation bestowed by God on the human race. The original patriarchal religion, we must ever remember, was in essence the Christian religion; though the great Mediation and Sacrifice which connects the two was regarded by the one in anticipation, and is contemplated by the other in retrospect. Thus religion was ever founded on a faith in the promised Messiah; and in it the doctrine of the Trinity was adumbrated, if not revealed. How many other Christian ideas it contained we may infer, not only from Judaism, but in part even from Paganism. In proportion as the Fall continued to bring forth its fruits, the primeval religion corrupted itself. It became encrusted with the superstitions of an idolatrous fancy, and it loosened its grasp of that authentic teaching originally confided to it. The same Babylonian confusion took place by degrees in religion as had taken place in language, and the various Pagan religions remained but the broken dialects of what had once been a single and authentic speech. The various nations preserved best the great truths which were most in harmony with the character of each, losing sight of the rest; and among them that chosen people upon which God had set His seal, that it might be a wit-

ness against the growing corruption, stood sole and apart, holding in their unity, and exempt from error, the truths which the Gentiles held in separation, and withstanding the Gentile tendency to idolatry.

Our theme at present is only with this, the nobler side of Pagan mythology. We must never, however, forget that there was a darker side to it, on which it was the especial duty of the early martyrs and fathers, who contended with a paganism but half dead, to insist. Evil spirits had taken possession of the Gentile shrines. They had turned to their own account both the deepest instincts and the most sacred traditions of man, and thus rendered themselves the objects of an idolatrous worship. It has always been through good perverted, not through pure evil, that the spirits of delusion have worked. It is thus also that, in the modern Gentile world, where the national principle has burst loose from the sheltering restraint of the religious, heresies are founded, not upon pure error, but on great truths, *usurped*, as it were, distorted, and separated from the parent stem. It is not, however, with this momentous part of the subject that we have now to deal.

The reason the religious origin of Greek literature has been so imperfectly appreciated, is doubtless to be found in a kindred error respecting Greek mythology. Those who in that mythology perceive nothing but the absurdities or superstitions which lie on its surface, could not be expected to recognize the religious side of a literature derived from such a source. The error, however, has produced other and more dangerous consequences. It is a fact that the Pagan religions contained many high ideas, if not principles, which are to be found also in the Christian; and this fact is of course one which required to be accounted for. An infidel philosophy accounted for it by sup-

posing that Christianity stood on the same level with the Pagan religions, and was, like them, to be referred to superstition and imposture. Into this error fell such writers as Middleton, who, by way of assailing the Church, had insisted on the obvious analogy between some of her ceremonies and various Pagan rites, and who did not perceive that the argument must go further than they intended, since the resemblance in question does not affect the ceremonial only of the Church, but many of the chief ideas authoritatively put forth in her teaching; and especially the great ideas of Sacrifice, of an Incarnation, of an ascetic life, of immortality, and of retribution. The difficulty which an infidel philosophy thus accounted for is of course to Christian philosophy no difficulty at all. The Christian Scriptures expressly tell us that Man was originally one family, and possessed one religion, which was his by revelation. They tell us, moreover, that that religion, and the sacrifices which constituted its worship, were based upon the primal promise respecting the "Seed of the Woman;" and that the full development of that religion was reserved for a time far later than that of its first revelation. Lastly, they tell us that all the races of mankind corrupted their ways; and that owing to that circumstance, and with a view to their restoration, it was necessary to separate a single family from the rest of mankind, and make it the depositary of pure religion. These three statements being admitted as the Christian hypothesis, it is plain that such a resemblance as exists between the Pagan religions and the Christian is the strongest attestation to its truth, and one the more valuable since it is derived, not only from an independent, but from an adverse witness. But it is plain no less that, in proportion as an exalted

origin is thus attributed to the great main ideas of the Pagan religions, however distorted, the religious character of Classical literature is likewise vindicated. In all countries alike, from Greece, with its classic imagination, to the wildest dreams of Scandinavian Scald, early literature clustered itself around those ideas which supported the national worship. If, then, the primary ideas connected with each national worship were largely deduced, in spite of manifold corruptions, from the stem of the original revelation vouchsafed to man, it follows that in every nation, literature, as well as worship, was a broken dialect deflected from the patriarchal religion.

To its origin in religious traditions we are to attribute the fact that Greek literature began with its poetry. The same fact is noticeable in other literatures also, and is to be referred to the same cause, viz., that poetry lends itself most easily to religious purposes, though in its perversions it becomes the most insidious enemy of religion, because its most plausible rival. It is thus, too, that we are to account in no small part for the permanent and universal interest that attaches to Greek poetry. The charm of a fairy tale soon passes away; nor do the wildest marvels of romance attract the imagination long, for we soon discover the soundness of the saying, "Truth is more marvelous than fiction." That which imparts a permanent value to the legends of Greek poetry is not the wonderfulness of the fiction, but the universality of the truth veiled under fiction. The mysteries of which it sings are the deep things of the human heart, and the sphinx-like problems of nature, which man feels that he must solve or die. If Saturn, who devours his own children, means Time, as Lord Bacon affirms, and if Jupiter, his son, who dethrones him, means knowledge, is

not the warfare between time and knowledge a warfare that concerns us, as well as those who lived in the olden days? If that bright-haired divinity who harmonized heaven with his lyre, and was the lord at once of prophecy and of the healing art—if he be indeed the witness to the universal desire of mankind, and to their belief in a greater Power, whose dwelling is light unapproachable, whose voice is the harmony of all worlds, but whose utterance condescends likewise to be the voice of prophecy and helpful counsel, and whose light "carries healing on its wings," is not this mythus more near to the heart of man than the facts that start up around us each day? Let us glance at the fable of Hercules. If that heroic deliverer, whose human birth belied his high descent; who in his cradle strangled the serpents sent to torment him by his mother's foe; whose matchless yet solitary labors built cities, slew monsters, reclaimed wastes; who crossed the sea in the frailest of barques, and died amid flames on the mountain-top, a dread and mystic sacrifice—if he indeed records the belief of mankind in a deliverer greater than Alcmena's son, who was to bruise the serpent's head, to conquer the world's monsters by labors and by sufferings, to pass over the troubled sea of time in the fragile barque of a mortal nature, and to ascend to a higher heaven from the altar of a higher sacrifice,—is not this fable then a matter "which comes home to the business and bosoms of men?"

Looking thus on Greek poetry as the literary expansion of transmitted religious truths—high, though far deflected from their original rectitude—its permanent power over us is accounted for, not by the weakness of the human mind, but by the strength of the human aspirations. But, it will be asked, how does this estimate apply to Greek

literature in its onward progress—the drama, for instance? When the Muse entered the theatres, did she not leave the temples far behind? Was not the stage the arena of the passions, not the precinct of any sacred power? The answer is triumphant. On the contrary, the tragic theatre was the temple of a mystic divinity. The chorus that moved around in stately and sometimes threatening dance was the choir that celebrated his praise. During the whole performance the incense-wreaths ascended from his altar which stood in the midst. It is but a vulgar conception of Bacchus to look on him as merely the god of wine. He was the divinity of all sombre and tragic passion; he was supposed to awaken in man's breast those affections which, once rolled forth from their caverns, ran in the channels shaped for them by the Destinies; his wine-floods represented the dark blood of the earth, as it moved sluggishly forth from its icy cells, and then bounded to the bosom of the great maternal goddess and warmed itself in the sun. The Greek, whose mercurial temperament enjoyed pleasure itself only when it was not a bond, looked with awe upon "the seriousness of *Passion*," and made it the harbinger of calamity and the minister of fate. While the dreadful tale of an *Œdipus* or of an *Antigonè* was represented, the spectators bore witness in their fears to the power of a warning Muse; and the divinity who presided over *Passion* received thus at once a celebration and a sacrifice. But if the tragic stage was the triumph of the passions, it was yet more signally the triumph *over* passion. There was exhibited nothing to allure, but much to rebuke and to dismay. To purify the soul by pity and by terror was, as the great Greek critic tells us, the function of tragedy; and the end of that art, as of sculpture, was to impress upon the soul thus warned and pur-

ified a majestic calm. The Greek tragic theatre had nothing in common with ours except the name; and if we would understand it, we must seek a parallel to it less in histrionic performances than in religious celebrations. It stood half-way between a devout solemnity and a popular celebration. The labors of a whole people raised up the mighty building on the slopes of the Acropolis. High above it hung the temples of the gods and the fortress of the mother city, decorated with all the trophies of war and peace. Below, and visible to view, spread the purple sea and the *Ægean* isles; thirty thousand spectators occupied the marble seats; and as they fixed their eyes in silence upon the scene, they seemed to witness at once some mystery of the world unseen and some fateful crisis at which the destiny of their country had been decided.

Nor did the Greek tragedy admit at all times the admixture of a mortal with a spiritual interest. The tragedy of "*Prometheus*" is as exclusively a religious mystery as though it had been cast in the mould of mythic legend or hymn. The struggle between the great Titan and the father of the gods is perhaps the profoundest of the Greek religious allegories. Coleridge has selected it as the great poetic illustration of ancient philosophy, and explained, in a disquisition of singular interest, the meaning of the mythus. In it he finds an anticipation of our latest philosophic attempts, and, in his estimation, discoveries; insisting upon it that the fire from heaven, stolen by the Titan for man's behoof, denoted that "pure reason," which he so constantly contrasted with the "faculty that judges by sense." This is a question which could not be pursued here without leading us too far from our present discussion; but the "*Prometheus*" is in itself a sufficient vindication of the lofty origin of Greek tragedy, setting forth, as it does, the heroic suffering of a being

more than mortal. Nor did the supernatural theme of that work indicate in its author aught that incapacitated him for those poetic labors more directly connected with the political destinies of his country. The poet of the "Prometheus" is the poet of the "Persæ" too. The tragic poet who more than any other meditated on religious mysteries was the same who fought in the Persian war.

The connection between religion and true patriotism is very close, often as a corrupt patriotism has rebelled against religion. In Greek religion the Divine Power was ever worshiped as the "protector of the city;" and in the parent state, with its temple-crowned Acropolis, the Greek beheld that to which he clung with a religious as well as a patriotic love. To him it was not given to behold that universal Kingdom which is the antetype and consecration of all true nationality, and the "patria" of all who are still "in via;" but he revered at least what to him was a dim type of it; and, looking up to his country as a sacred thing, he counted it among his first duties to vindicate her freedom, while he venerated her laws. It was this religious struggle for the freedom of their country which elicited among the Greeks the highest development of the poetic faculties. That struggle finally consummated in the complete rout of the Persians; the energies enkindled by it had to seek another language than that of action. A new literature burst forth; and the memory of heroic deeds became the soul of heroic books. The last trumpet-thrill of war mingled with the first breath of new but manly melodies. Tragedy walked the stage with a warrior's step; and the Muse of Æschylus dipped her foot in the blood of the invader before she ascended to the throne reserved for her. Such is the connection which ever exists between high poetry and noble deeds; and so close is the

bond between noble deeds and that religious sentiment which inspires them.

To estimate aright either such deeds or the poetry that sang them, we must ever bear in mind the difference between Pagan and Christian times. The Greek had sometimes his face turned to the light, when acting in a manner in which a Christian could not act without turning his face to eternal night. What to a Christian means "the world," to a Greek was often that mother city, to die for which was to him what he counted martyrdom. To gain her praise and that of his fellow-citizens did not in him always mean vain glory. It was the sacrifice of self, of ease and of pleasure, for that commendation which seemed to him the outward authentication of the interior voice of conscience. The relative position of Christian and Pagan requires a process of transposition to be rendered intelligible.

The philosophic literature of Greece, not less than the poetic, attests the same great truth respecting the origin of letters in religion. The subject is too large a one to be illustrated except by a single conspicuous example. Plato, the greatest of ancient philosophers, was also the most religious. Even in Christian times he has retained the title of "the Divine;" nor is there any other writer of antiquity in whom so close an approximation to Christianity is to be found. Its religious character is the great "note" of Plato's philosophy. He could find no reality for the outward universe except by referring the visible objects that surround us to their archetypes in the Divine Mind. He could accept no other test and measure for right and wrong, for good and for evil, except the witness of an inner law, immutable and eternal, testifying to a Divine Lawgiver. A shadow even of the doctrine of the Trinity has been found in his works, so far as philo-

sophic conjecture may run parallel with religious faith; yet so little did he mistake the one for the other, that he asserted the necessity of a revealed religion, affirming that if God was to be certainly made known to man, it could only be through a divine revelation of Himself; and that such a revelation was rather to be expected than despaired of.

In the days of modern Transcendentalists, as in those of the Alexandrian schools, attempts have been made to found an argument against Revelation upon the Platonic "anticipations" of Christianity; for the enemies of Religion are always assailing her with weapons snatched from her own armory; yet it is not the less probable that the Platonic philosophy contributed more than aught beside of human origin to attest the claims of the inspired Scriptures, and extend the reign of her who has "the heathen for her inheritance."

How are we to account for the religious character of Plato's philosophy? There are three considerations which will assist in explaining it. First, it was not in itself unlikely that the loftiest philosophic intelligence, if uncorrupted by pride, would be that one most in harmony with religious truths. The divine image in man, grievously as it was dimmed, was not wholly obliterated by the Fall; thus it was natural that in proportion as the moral aspirations were high, and the philosophic insight keen, the nearer approach should be made to that truth for which man was originally created. Secondly, it is probable that in Plato we possess the sifted and purest traditions from the more spiritual schools of Greek philosophy, and from that yet earlier age when philosophy was most religious. The teaching of Plato was the teaching of Socrates; and Socrates was doubtless but a link in that golden chain of which Pythagoras himself was a higher link. Thirdly, Plato had travelled into the East, and thus seeking knowledge where

ever he went, had baptized his philosophy in the streams that flow from the father-land of religion. By many it has been believed that he had had access even to the sacred books of the Hebrews. Be this as it may, he had examined into all the most ancient forms of Pagan religion, and had thus doubtless received large aids in that which to a philosophic Pagan must have been the most interesting of tasks—the task of discriminating between those traditional truths held in common by the various ancient religions and those corruptions with which, from local custom and insensible abuse, the universal tradition of Pagan religion had become encrusted. Plato had sat in the shade of those Egyptian temples which had shadowed the Nile centuries before the Trojan war; he had analyzed with the keenest dialectics of Greece the lore of the most ancient of Pagan hierarchies; and doubtless it was not in the spirit of a scoffer that he endeavored to sift truth from error, and to separate the kernel from the husk.

In ancient times, as in modern, philosophy owed to religion a debt which it had not always the honesty to acknowledge. The work of Pagan philosophy, in comparison with that of the Pagan religions, sensualized and corrupted as they had become, was ever negative rather than positive. Philosophy ridiculed the popular corruptions; but the religions preserved at least the primeval truths. It was from the stock of religion that philosophy derived those lofty ideas with which it sometimes assailed the sensual credulities of a degenerate worship. This is a subject which has been admirably illustrated by Father Ventura, in his lectures delivered a few years ago in Paris. He points out the real dependence of the schools on the temples, and the fact that, no matter how much of error might be mixed up with the Pagan religions, whatever of primitive truth remained among the an-

cients belonged to the Altar, not to the Academy ; that it was no prize of philosophic discovery, but had descended through tradition, and was derived from Revelation.

The sparrow that mounted on the eagle's back when the birds had their trial of strength, found no difficulty in flying a yard or two higher when the eagle had reached its utmost elevation. Such has been the ambition of philosophy as often as it has exalted itself above religion. Except when it deduces its origin from religion, philosophy can attain to little beyond criticism. It may reach to elevated ideas, but it has no means of ascertaining whether there be anything to correspond with them in the world of reality. Its highest systems remain but subjective fancies ; they have no objective sanction, and no authority to authenticate them. In Christian times philosophy is not put to a fair trial. She receives so much from Christianity, unconsciously or unwillingly, that her merely native forces are not really tested. It was otherwise with ancient philosophy, as reviewed by the great mind of Cicero. It could take all sides in turn, and be eloquent on all ; but it tripped in its very first step and fell. Whether there was a God or no God, a soul or no soul, an immortality or no immortality, was with it but a conjecture. The Platonic philosophy retained a purified truth, because its fountain-head was in religion.

It would not be difficult to show that the other departments of Greek literature were not less closely connected with religion as to their origin than were its poetry and philosophy. Herodotus, for example, who has been happily styled "the

Homer of historians," does not the less nobly head the rôle of uninspired history, because in his page, as in Homer's, the religious tradition is to be found side by side with the secular ; while in both those great men alike, despite the aberrations of a Pagan fancy, kindness, cordiality, human-heartedness, and strong-heartedness, are elevated at once and harmonized by a temper of devotion, which contrasts sadly with that vulgar affectation of incredulous shrewdness exhibited both by the later Pagan times and by the infidels of the modern world. Our present limits do not permit of such an inquiry. Still less could we on the present occasion enlarge on that gradual degradation of letters which took place in proportion as Pagan religion diverged farther and farther from the primitive tradition, and (as the necessary consequence of this first defection) literature fell off from religion. If poetry declined insensibly into an effeminate vein, till an Anacreon was as feeble as a Corinna had been strong ; if the Epicurean and Pyrrhonist made themselves loud, till the music of the Platonic philosophy became as unheard as that music of the spheres, lost, according to the Platonic Allegory, in the clamor of earthly life ; if the Sophists of each department of literature trod down the true philosophers, poets, historians, and orators—the cause was ever the same. Those religions which were the broken dialects of the primitive revelation, corrupted their speech more and more ; and the literatures to which they had given birth partook of the prevarication, and declined into mere naturalism.

HYMN FOR THE CHRISTMAS SOLSTICE.

[From the Latin of Prudentius.]

VIII. KAL. JANUARIAS.

ORIGINAL.

TRANSLATION.

Quid est quod arctum circum
Sol jam recurrens deserit ?
Christusne terris nascitur
Qui lucis auget tramitem ?

Why is it that this happy morn
The sun deserts his narrow way ?
Is't not because now Christ is born
Who earth illumines with widening ray ?

Heu, quam fugacem gratiam
Festina volvebat dies !
Quam pene subductam facem.
Sensim recisa extinxerat !

Alas, how swift the gracious day
Departing turned from us his face,
As step by step his Summer stay
Unto usurping night gave place.

Coelum nitescat laetius,
Gratetur et gaudens humus ;
Scandit gradatim denuo
Jubar priores lineas.

But now let heaven's new joy-beams blend
With grateful earth's fast paling glooms,
Once more the day-star doth ascend
His wonted ways of quickening blooms.

Te cuncta nascentem, puer,
Sensere dura, et barbara,
Victusque Saxorum rigor
Obduxit herbam cotibus.

Sweet Babe, each hard and frozen sense
Of earth is now with Thee new-born ;
The rigor of the rocks relents,
As mantling ferns their forms adorn.

Jam Mella de Scopulis fluunt,
Jam stillat ilex arido
Sudans amomum Stipite ;
Jam sunt Myricis balsama.

The mountain's breast with honey drips,
The oak-tree's shriveled veins distil
Their perfumed gum, each sapling's lips
Their balsamatic nectar spill.

O Sancta praesepis tui,
Aeterne Rex, cunabula,
Populisque per seculum Sacra,
Mutis et ipsis credita.

How holy is Thy cradle-stall,
O King Eternal ! Through the earth
Both mute and living things recall
Alike the glory of Thy birth.

Christmas, 1875.

CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

THE LISLES.

I.

"My dearest foe."—*Hamlet*.

A great change had long been taking place in Arthur Lisle's mind. The influences surrounding him had not been favorable to such a change. He could not tell where or when the first swell of this great wave had arisen in the ocean of his life; he only knew that now it had burst through all impediments. He stood, as it were, happy, yet fearful, watching the gates of his soul open to the flood of Faith.

Although he had scarcely passed his twenty-sixth year, he was rector of a fashionable church, St. Bonaventure's. This church was "high," but not extremely high. In its decorations it admitted florid crosses of all styles, but, as yet, incense, vestments and processions had not entered within its walls. Among its congregation there were no poor people; silk did not jostle serge, and clumsy shoes never profaned the soft carpets of this literal "chapel of ease." In its cushioned pews, one was sure to see the latest things from Paris every Sunday; therefore its services were attended largely by that class of vacant-headed youths who on the sidewalk "most do congregate."

Of this church Arthur Lisle was deemed worthy for various reasons. His father, Eric Lisle, was one of the "best" people in Central City. No man was considered more respectable, no man more wealthy; consequently no man was more "looked up to" than old Lisle, as people called him, though he had barely reached the shady side of fifty. All his pride seemed to be in his only son; and now that Arthur had gained the position of rector of St. Bonaventure's his father had hoped that he might one day enjoy the delight

of uttering "Bishop" Lisle, not dreaming that his son was beginning to regard that title, in its Protestant Episcopal signification, as a delusion and empty sham.

Arthur Lisle was a favorite among his parishioners. He was gentlemanly, eloquent, handsome, the very *beau ideal* of a youthful reverend, but he was married. Of course this was a serious drawback in the eyes of the maidenly devotees at St. Bonaventure's; in consideration of his extraordinary good qualities, however, the amiable beings graciously permitted their papas and brothers to support him in vestry meetings, and similar conclaves.

Thus far his path in life had been strewn with rose-leaves. And now it was his will—or rather, God's will—to thrust aside the roses, and to search for the sharp thorns beneath them—thorns that pierced his heart to its very core.

Once only had he seen his father in anger, and this was when he had hinted at the change his belief was undergoing. And then the old man gave way to no sudden or fierce burst of rage. His face became white, and his hands trembled.

"If," he said, slowly, "this delusion should ever lead you to embrace the Romish Belief, I would discard you—pitilessly. It is impossible—impossible! Yet, if it were not, I could never forgive you. *Never* speak to me of such a thing again. Forget it."

Eric Lisle was a man of few words, and these deeply impressed themselves on Arthur's memory. He had counted the cost. He knew his father too well to believe that he would relent: still he hoped in spite of his better judgment.

One bright Sunday morning, he ascended to the pulpit as usual. The blood-red spot which the sun

threw from the stained-glass window upon the white velvet of the pulpit-cushion, lay as it had lain there before for many Sundays. He had learned to watch it, and to notice that it always changed to purple when he came to the third head of his sermon. The same rustling of silks and preparatory coughs of other Sundays settled into silence. A vague, unreasonable thought passed through his mind. How could it be that, while nothing without was changed, he could have changed so utterly within?

To-day the sun had not time to turn the stain on the cushion from red to purple while he spoke.

In a few words he said farewell, and left St. Bonaventure's without a rector. He descended as the sound of his voice died away, and slowly walked from the scene of his labors, never to return.

"Gone over to Rome!—deplorable!—outrageous!—but I told you so!"

And for once Arthur Lisle's sermon was unfavorably criticised at the luncheon tables of St. Bonaventure's select flock.

From the church, Arthur Lisle went to his father's house—for the pastoral residence had for some time been undergoing repair. His earthly future was clouded; but all along the way, his heart seemed full of sunshine. The light of peace had entered it. Feverish doubt and indecision had fled.

Agnes, his wife, sat in an arm-chair, filled with pillows, near the window of a pleasant room. Agnes Lisle was one of those pale, *spirituelle* women, who seem like greenhouse lilies, fit only for an atmosphere of warmth and care, ready to wither at the first chill breath. Her brown hair—gold-tinted by the noon-day sun—had become dishevelled, and as she turned her wan but beautiful face towards him, it seemed as if the halo of a higher life had already fallen around her.

He paused, startled, and a cold thrill ran through him. Something in her expression reminded him of the look his dying mother had worn.

"Is it over?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, Agnes," he answered, "it is over."

"Thank God!—thank God!" she murmured, fervently.

Only a few days had passed since the waters of baptism had purified her brow, and in her new strength, she rejoiced in her husband's sacrifice.

"God has given me strength," he said, "may God give me strength!"

"The worst is over."

He felt that the worst was not over. He must meet his father; and, looking at Agnes, he saw the dim shadow of the angel of death.

The first trial did not come in the form he expected. He did not meet his father, face to face.

An hour had scarcely passed when a note was brought to him. He opened it with a feeling as if it were a death warrant. It contained a few terse sentences:

"Arthur Lisle—

"After what you have done this day, I can not recognize you as my son. You have destroyed all my hope in you. Do not attempt to see me. It is useless. Go—I will not curse you, but I can not bless you.

"ERIC LISLE."

Arthur crushed the paper in his hand, and for an instant it seemed that *this* was too much to bear—even for God; but he dashed the temptation away from him; from his heart he said—

"Fiat voluntas tua."

"Agnes," he said, after a pause, "we must leave this house."

She looked startled, and then, with a glance of tender pity, arose from her chair.

"I am ready," she said, putting her thin hand on his arm. "Remember what Christ suffered for us; remember her who said: 'What

sorrow is like to my sorrow?' and be strong."

"It is hard—hard," he groaned. "Forgive me, O Lord; *fiat voluntas tua.*"

"*Fiat voluntas tua,*" she repeated.

And together they left the house, the master of which they loved better than life, and who now was their "dearest foe."

II.

LITTLE AGNES.

Tall masts, taller warehouses, a glimpse of the river between huge piles of bags and barrels, a combination of odors in which salt fish is prominent, yells, shrieks, bustle—imagine all these, and you have an idea of the neighborhood in which Arthur Lisle lives.

It is not a pleasant place. Few places near the water side in a great city are pleasant; but these surroundings matter very little to Arthur Lisle now.

A month ago, Agnes Lisle was carried to the grave. He had seen the shadow of death growing around her darker day after day. And yet, when the blow came, he could not realize that she was dying. Even now it seems like a dream—that slow, gradual parting from life and him. He can not realize that she is dead. Even while he utters prayers for her soul, he turns, half expecting to hear her join her low voice to his, as she was wont to do.

Another Agnes—a little Agnes—smiling like her mother, but with her father's eyes—has come to bear him company. Sometimes he holds the sleeping baby in his arms for hours, musing over the joy that "might have been," were *she* alive; and then he awakens with a start, to the necessities of the present. This little Agnes—*her* legacy—must be provided for. Thus far, he has been unable to obtain employment. The talents which showed so brilliantly in the pulpit seem to be useless now. All his attempts at

earning a livelihood have failed. The market is over-stocked with clerks—trained clerks, too. Newspapers and magazines offer to open their pages to him, if he will write "spicy" articles, but to a man injured to sermon-writing "spiciness" and flippancy of style are not easy acquisitions. He can teach nothing, though his mind is well-stored, because he feels that he does not possess the faculty of imparting instruction, and because no one has offered him the opportunity. He can not work with his hands, because his hands have neither skill nor strength. To him it seems that the most stupid laborer on the wharves is his superior. The man may be stupid and ignorant, but he is not helpless. He is a producer. He can work; he does not cumber the earth. Following this train of thought, Arthur Lisle groans. And well he may, for in all the wide world there seems nothing that he can do, to gain bread for the little child in his arms. His small stock of money has begun to find wings; his father has shown no sign of relenting; and he will soon be at the end of his resources.

Mrs. Mulligan interrupts his gloomy revery with one of her double knocks. Mrs. Mulligan is the washerwoman who lives on the second floor. She is a tall, masculine looking woman, with a weather-beaten complexion, red hair, and high cheek bones; but the good natured expression on her face amply compensates for its lack of beauty. She supports by the labor of her hands, five small Mulligans and a big Mulligan. The last is her "worse half," who cannot be persuaded to prefer work to whisky, and who gives this heroic woman more trouble than all the young brood. She works cheerfully, as only an Irishwoman can work. She carries her cross loyally, though, it is true, not very humbly to outward

seeing eyes. Her faith is firm, and her deeds would shame many a professional philanthropist. Ten months ago, about the time that little Agnes Lisle was born, Mrs. Mulligan lost her youngest child—an Agnes, too; and so, when Arthur Lisle came to live in the third story room of No. 9 River Place, she “took to” the new baby at once. A stranger would have thought that she had children enough of her own; yet her motherly heart seemed to be warm enough for all little strangers in distress.

Mrs. Mulligan’s loud, but cheery voice, brings to Arthur Lisle’s mind a new sense of life and light. Her bustling presence seems like a fresh breeze from the outer world, and raises his spirits, in spite of himself. Willingly he resigns his helpless burden to her care.

“Sure, sir,” she says, rocking the baby gently to and fro with a movement which she could only have acquired through long experience in that soporific art, “sure, she’s just the best child I’ve ever known, barrin me own Mickey. Och, it’s me that has the trouble! Sure, Mike’s been at it again, sir.”

Arthur is following a passing ship with his eyes, and contemplating an idea that it has put into his mind.

“At what?” he asks, absently.

“At what, sure!” repeats Mrs. Mulligan, “at what would he be at, except the dhrink?”

“Oh,” he answers, with a belief that he is saying the proper thing, “I thought it was something new.”

Mrs. Mulligan, who reserves the right of finding fault with her husband solely to herself, fires up at once.

“Sure you’re mistaken entirely, sir, if you think Mike Mulligan would be after demeanin’ himself in any way barrin’ his takin’ a sup of the crathur now and then: and sure we all have our faults—”

“No doubt—no doubt,” inter-

rupted Arthur, feeling like a man who has unwittingly turned on a shower-bath, and who is unable to stop it.

“I’ll make bould to say you have some faults yourself, sir; an’ there wouldn’t be a more harmless crathur on the face of the earth than the same Mike Mulligan, if he’d let the liquor alone. Bad luck to it! Faith, I’m disturbin’ the baby!—bless her pretty face!”

“Mrs. Mulligan, would you like to keep my little girl?”

Mrs. Mulligan looks startled.

“Faith, sir, haven’t I got enough of me own to keep?”

A very natural question!

“Not always—for a time,” he answers, pursuing his own train of thought, “until I return. I am going away.”

“And where, sir?”

“I don’t know. I can not tell yet.”

As he leaves the room, Mrs. Mulligan shakes her head, and the pitying expression of her face says as much as Ophelia’s “sweet bells jangled.”

Arthur Lisle walks rapidly through the streets that border on the river. Once or twice he pauses as if to turn back; but again he goes on. At last he stops before a dilapidated house, with “boarding” painted on the dingy green door. He asks one of the seafaring men who are lounging around the steps whether Captain Halstead lives there. He is answered in the affirmative.

He has met Halstead, who commands the brig *Osprey*, several times during his weary searches for employment.

When he comes out of the dingy boarding-house, he has bound himself to serve as a common sailor on board the *Osprey* during the term of her next voyage to Cuba.

He has made a desperate plunge; a rash, impetuous plunge, many would say; yet to himself it seemed his only refuge from starvation.

He thinks of little Agnes as he goes home, and for a few moments doubts the prudence of leaving her with Mrs. Mulligan. Mike, it is true, is a drunkard; but he is never violent. The children are good-hearted, but rough, and ready for any mischief. Still, as Agnes is scarcely a year old, their companionship can slightly influence the little maiden. Besides, Mrs. Mulligan likes the child, and Arthur knows that she will be taught the dear old prayers of the Church night and morning.

"I will only be away a few months," he thinks, "and the sum which I shall pay Mrs. Mulligan will be of great service to her—small as it will be."

Mrs. Mulligan, on being consulted, joyfully accepts the responsibility, and the little money that he can afford to deposit with her for the child's maintenance. Indeed, the honest woman is rather inclined to consider herself elevated in social status by the addition to her family, and the young Mulligans take infinite delight in alluding to little Agnes as "the boarder."

The *Osprey's* sailing day comes. In spite of his resolution, Arthur feels that something *must* occur to prevent his going; but nothing does occur, and he sails for Cuba in the *Osprey*.

If he had, caught, a year ago, one glimpse of the future, how it would have appalled him! Now, he accepts his fate resignedly, and his great compensation is that, with a pure heart, he can say, *Fiat voluntas tua*. After all, he thinks, does it matter much whether his life is spent on land or sea—whether he toils with brain or hand—if God's grace is only with him? Each day is a step nearer the grave: what matter whether this day be bright or dark? And yet when land is out of sight, he thinks of little Agnes; and, looking around the bleak, wind-swept deck, he discovers that

he is neither a Stoic nor a perfect Christian.

Days are lost in weeks, and months lengthen into half a year. No tidings comes from Arthur Lisle. The Mulligans have changed their abode several times, for landlords are exacting, and Mrs. Mulligan does not find business as brisk as usual. Whenever Mike is sober—at rare intervals—he goes, by his wife's command, to inquire for the *Osprey*. The brig has come into port more than once. Captain Halstead can only say that Arthur Lisle left the vessel at Havana, and did not return. No message, no letter comes. Mrs. Mulligan is not as cheerful as she has been. The money which Arthur Lisle left for little Agnes has long since gone the way of all lucre. Mrs. Mulligan grows more anxious every day. Six small mouths to fill and six small bodies to clothe, force her to strive unremittingly in her efforts to make "both ends meet." But in the winter a time comes when she feels as if she must sink under her burden: and in this time happens the great temptation of her life.

One blustery day, as she goes down the ice-coated street with a large bundle of new-washed clothes, her foot slips and she is about to fall, when an old gentleman, who has watched her, restores both her equilibrium and her bundle. She thanks him with effusion, and then stands looking after him.

"What is *his* name, sir?" she asks, of the first passer-by.

"Who? Oh—Eric Lisle. I thought everybody knew old Lisle."

"Sure, it must be;" she murmurs. "that must be his father, for one's the very moral of the other, barrin' he's older."

Mrs. Mulligan's curiosity is excited; and when Mrs. Mulligan thirsts for knowledge, she generally finds means to quench her thirst. She has many acquaintances among

the servants of the place; and two days have not passed before, by judicious inquiries, she has possessed herself of a full and true history of the Lisle family.

The winter grows colder, and somehow the Mulligans grow poorer. The new landlord—the Mulligans of late have not an old landlord—threatens ejection. The children cry of cold in the night, and the mother looks at little Agnes, and thinks that one little one less would make a difference favorable to the others.

At first she drives the thought away. After while she asks why this child should add to her poverty, while Eric Lisle, one of her natural protectors, rolls in wealth? Why should not he take charge of her? He is not a Catholic, Mrs. Mulligan knows: and under his care Agnes will never be a Catholic; Mrs. Mulligan knows this also. And yet, she thinks, the son may return in a short time, and he will reclaim the child, and no harm be done. In spite of all her reasoning, the idea of transferring Agnes to her grandfather makes Mrs. Mulligan feel guilty. To her it is like selling a soul. She waits, holding temptation at bay, hoping that Arthur Lisle may return. She waits in vain.

The night is cold and windy. The streets are white with hard frost and chill moonlight. In the Mulligan household, the fire faintly glimmers; there is no cheery glow, for coals are dear, and the wherewithal to buy them is scarce. The children shiver and cry for more bread. There is not sufficient for all.

The mother, with set teeth and frowning brow, selects little Agnes from the group crouching around the fire. Saying nothing, she wraps the child in a shawl, and taking her in her arms disappears in the outside gloom.

III.

THE ANSWER TO MANY PRAYERS.

Eric Lisle sat in his study, an octagon-shaped room, small and cosy, with all the appliances for luxurious reading. He is a handsome man, much resembling his son. During the last year his hair has grown grayer and the lines around his mouth and on his forehead have deepened, so that now he almost deserves the epithet old.

He is bending over a pile of dusty books and papers which he has just dug from the depths of an old-fashioned cabinet. In his hand he holds a paper-covered book, with gorgeously colored prints of impossible birds and beasts. Its pages are dog-eared and tattered. On the first blank leaf he sees the drawing of a small hand—a hand that had evidently been laid upon the paper, and then outlined with a dull pencil. Underneath are these words, in great sprawling letters—"Arthur Lisle, aged eight."

Eric Lisle's face loses its stern fixed expression. He covers it with his hands, and a bright drop falls between his fingers.

"Oh, my boy—my boy!" he groans.

For the first time he pities Arthur, instead of himself; for the first time a vague thought enters his mind that he has been too severe, and perhaps wrong.

Again he looks at the childish outline, and a vision of Arthur's mother arises before him. He sees her now, as he often saw her, bending over the pretty, blue-eyed babe, building realms in the air of which the tiny Arthur was always the happy prince. He remembers how full of happiness his heart was one bright day when the mother and child—

A ring at the door-bell, followed by an alteration, interrupts his train of thought for a moment.

How sweet the mother looked, and Arthur, with his large, blue eyes, and golden ringlets.

A knock.

"Come in!"

Mrs. Bell, his old housekeeper, stands in the doorway. She seems agitated and unusually confused. She approaches hesitatingly, with what seems to be a bundle in her arms.

The ragged shawl has fallen aside. Eric Lisle's cheeks and lips turn white.

"Arthur!" he exclaims.

The housekeeper does not notice his changed countenance, or even the emotion in his voice.

"Somebody left it on the doorstep. What shall we do with it, sir?"

Eric Lisle does not answer. The vision of his baby son seems to have become a reality. Mrs. Bell repeats the question.

"You are a woman, you ought to know: I suppose it wants something to eat."

"Do you mean to keep it, sir?"

Little Agnes opens her eyes. They are like Arthur's.

"Keep it? What else?"

Mrs. Bell retires, speechless with amazement. This incident materially strengthens her belief that wonders will never cease.

In this way Agnes Lisle enters her grandfather's house. On a handkerchief tied around her neck was the name, "Agnes," and so they called her Agnes.

"She is my granddaughter, without doubt," Eric Lisle says. "My son is too proud to acknowledge the error of his ways, and so he has sent me this little waif as a peace-offering. He'll come to reason himself, by and by, I assure you."

Eric grows brighter and apparently younger from the night of the child's arrival. She furnishes him with a means of unceasing occupation. He worries her nurse to desperation.

The child wore a little medal, with the image of our immaculate Lady on it when she came. With trembling fingers Mrs. Mulligan had placed it on her neck. Eric Lisle frowned when he saw it, and ordered Mrs. Bell to throw it away. The housekeeper put it in the old cabinet, along with Arthur's childish books.

* * * * *

Agnes passes through her childhood, and all the ills to which childish flesh is heir, bravely, under the care of Mrs. Bell and her satellites. Her school days pass at a fashionable seminary, and she returns to her grandfather "finished," which means that a very thin veneer of book-knowledge has been added to her other qualities.

By this time everybody that knows Eric Lisle is aware that this girl is his granddaughter. Of her father's story, she is utterly ignorant through her grandfather's desire. As far as education could make her, she is a Protestant. She firmly believes all the horrors which have been taught her about Catholics, and they have been measured out to her with no stinting hand. She is full of prejudices, for false representations of her father's belief have impregnated the atmosphere she has breathed since childhood. Yet she is not satisfied with her own creed. She longs for something higher, less lifeless. The waters of baptism lie hidden in her heart; but the rod is needed to make them burst forth.

Her life in her grandfather's house is quiet, uneventful. She reads to him, for his sight is failing; and sometimes she plays for him the old airs he loves. Her occupations are unvaried. Often she wishes that her lot had been cast among those who are compelled to work for bread. She seems so useless.

The beautiful Miss Lisle is very much admired, though in her secluded life there are very few to tell her so. Still she knows it, for she

cannot walk in the street without being followed by glances from all quarters. She walks "in maiden meditation, fancy free," and, after a time, cares little for the effect she produces.

One afternoon, during her usual walk in the quiet street, an incident occurs. She is in the act of crossing from one sidewalk to the other when a young man steps hastily towards her. He is rather handsome, she notices, and is dressed in plain gray clothes. He pauses near her.

"Allow me, Miss Lisle—"

He has passed. To her astonishment she finds that he has left a little book in her hand.

Mechanically, without thought, she opens it and reads the word "Catechism," and underneath, "Arthur Lisle, Nov. 18—"

What can it mean? This is her father's name!

She hurries homeward. She says nothing of the book, but questions her grandfather. He evades her questions. Full of perplexity and curiosity, she goes to the old cabinet. For the hundredth time she reads a commonplace note written by Arthur Lisle, and looks over the tattered primers with tender interest. Then she takes up the medal, which—Mrs. Bell has told her so much and no more—she wore when she came to her grandfather's house. It puzzles her. She applies herself to the Catechism, and reads slowly for half an hour.

"My father was a Catholic!" she exclaims, horrified.

Later, she says.

"All this is beautiful!"

And, when darkness made reading impossible, she cries—

"If this is Catholicity, I would like to be a Catholic!"

She is a young girl, consequently she is enthusiastic, especially regarding novelties. The next day she repents and takes to one of her books of lies. That does not satisfy her. She throws it aside and reads

her Bible. Somehow, that seems to chime in with the Catechism. She can not close her ears to the concord. She becomes weary, troubled. Who was that young man? What did it all mean? She has no one of whom to make a confidant. At last she resolves to try the effect of this curious book upon her uncle. As usual, he asks her to read something to him at evening. She produces the Catechism as a "curious pamphlet."

Eric Lisle does not interrupt her. She goes on, watching his face at intervals. After a while, she pauses.

"It is all very clear and simple," he says, "go on."

She resumes.

"Agnes," he says, after she has read for some time, "as I grow older, I grow more doubtful of what I have believed all my life; and this little book fills my mind with strange thoughts. It may be the devil tempting me. Leave the book with me, child. If this was Arthur's belief," she hears him murmur as she steals from the room, "I have been the most cruel and unjust of men. Lord, pardon me; I knew not what I did!"

Agnes goes to her room, terrified. What power has possessed her? Why should this worthless little pamphlet have wrought such a sudden effect?

A week passes, and when Agnes explains how the Catechism came into her possession, no further allusion is made to it.

A sudden change in the weather takes place, and old Eric is laid low with rheumatism.

"Child," he says to Agnes, after a day spent in thought and silence, "I want to see one of these Catholic priests. It may be—I do not know yet—that I have followed false gods all my life; and now, though at the eleventh hour, it is not too late to turn away from them."

Early on the following day, Agnes, with feelings of trepidation, goes to

the Catholic Church in the next street. The priest's house is not far off.

"Father De Young is out on a sick call."

Agnes turns away disappointed.

"Wait," the servant says, noticing the expression of her face. "He has been gone some time; and from High street, where he is now, he will probably go over to the Orphan Asylum. If you will walk down towards High street, Miss, you may meet him."

Agnes thanks the girl and adopts the suggestion. It never occurs to her that, as she has not seen Father De Young, he may be difficult to recognize. She goes on, confident that she must know a Catholic priest when she sees him.

Several people are gathered around the door of a house on the north side. Among them is a policeman, looking as important as if he were keeping the world at bay.

Agnes pauses a moment to watch a group of curious-looking children who seem to be stricken with awe by the majesty of this minion of the law. A man tall, thin, and bent, comes from the house and crosses the street rapidly. The policeman takes off his hat. Agnes feels that this is the priest. There is an indefinable something about him that tells her so. She approaches him.

"Father De Young, I believe."

"Yes, child," he answers, gravely scrutinizing her.

She tells her errand.

"I will see Mr. Lisle," he answers, "in a quarter of an hour. In the meantime, you can do an act of charity. In that house, which I have just left, there lies a man suffering much. A few minutes ago, a scaffold in front of a new building fell. This man, passing at the time, was severely injured. There is nobody with him now but an old woman. I am on my way to get a Sister to nurse him. Until she

comes, you can be of great use, if you will."

He leads the way into the house. Agnes follows him, feeling rather timid, but resolving to do her best.

The injured man lies on a hastily-improvised couch in the little parlor of the house. His head is wrapped in bandages. An old woman, seemingly very nervous and excited, makes room for the priest and Agnes.

"The Doctor has gone, Sir," she says, in a grating undertone intended for a whisper, "and *he* must be kept quiet and nursed well."

"You can go," the priest answers, "this young lady will remain here for a time."

The priest gives Agnes a reassuring glance and some words of advice as he hurries away, promising to send the Sister at once.

The old woman, glad of the opportunity, leaves the room. The wounded man turns his face from the wall, and opens his eyes. Agnes almost drops the glass of water in her hand. This man, in spite of his disfiguring bandages and deathly pallor, has her grandfather's face!

She stands, motionless, gazing at him. He looks into her eyes.

"Agnes!" he cries, hoarsely. "Agnes!—have you come back to life?"

"I am Agnes," she answers, a strange joy in her heart, "Agnes Lisle."

"Then," he murmurs, "I am either in Heaven with my wife, or on earth with my daughter!"

He sinks back, unconscious.

As soon as the physician gives his consent, Arthur Lisle—for the wounded man was Arthur Lisle—was conveyed to his father's house. The old man cannot believe in his happiness. To have his son again!—to feel that they are reunited in heart and soul, in love and faith,—this seems too much joy for earth.

When Arthur Lisle is well enough,

he tells his short story. When the *Osprey* reached Havana, he had gone ashore, intending to remain only a short time. The weather was hot, and the malarious fever, so prone to attack foreigners in Cuba, seized upon him. 'Some good Samaritans carried him to the hospital. Recent shocks had impaired both his physical and mental strength; consequently his illness was long and dangerous.

The Jesuit priest who attended him soon knew his wants. When he recovered, the good father obtained for him a position as teacher of English. He wrote to Mrs. Mulligan twice, and received no answer. The suspense was unendurable. He returned to the United States, to search in vain for Mrs. Mulligan. Her old neighbors knew nothing of her. They believed that one of the children had died. Was it the little stranger? They were not sure.

After a fruitless search, during which he suffered a century of agony, he went back to Havana. Careful work brought him all-teaching experience, and he rose, step by step, until he found himself possessed of a competence which a well-managed sugar plantation yielded him. But he longed for home, and home he came, to find his child—to find his dearest foe ready to receive the Faith, and be again his dearest friend.

When an opportunity occurs, Agnes speaks of the Catechism which has made the wilderness of their hearts blossom as a rose. Arthur Lisle looks at the book attentively.

"Ah, yes, I remember," he says, "I gave this to Edward, Mrs. Mulligan's eldest boy. And you say a young man brought it to you?"

Agnes describes him.

Arthur Lisle smiles. "Considering that you saw him only once, Mademoiselle, your description is very minute. Father de Young may know him. I will ask."

It happens that Father de Young does know a certain Edward Mulligan, a pillar of his parish; and when the priest comes, that young man comes with him. That young man colors when he is introduced to Agnes, and hastens to explain the affair of the Catechism.

From his story, it appears that if his mother had only waited a few days, she might have spared herself years of remorse and self-reproach. The tide of fortune turned. A brother of worthless Mike's died in Ireland, and his savings, bequeathed to the Mulligans, made them comparatively affluent. Mrs. Mulligan, however, never regained her old cheerfulness. She felt, she averred, as if she had given a soul to the devil. When dying, she implored Edward to give Agnes Lisle her father's Catechism. She could think of no other reparation, and all the prayers and penances of her later life were bound up in that reparation.

On the happy day which sees Eric Lisle and Agnes admitted into the Church, Arthur, with his heart too full for many words, can only utter the prayer of his adversity:

"*Fiat voluntas tua?* Thy ways are not our ways, O Lord!

SOLITUDE.

Blue leagues of sea, far-stretching;
 Long lines of level sand;
 Wide wastes of wild gray grasses,
 Blown towards the inner land.

Silence and golden sunshine;
 Breadth and a cloudless sky;
 Nothing a smile could brighten,
 Nothing to echo a sigh.

The life of the world seems wasted
 With all that has gone before;
 Even the touch of the Maker,
 Is washed from the shellless shore.

Let us go back, my sad heart!
 Here is not what we seek;
 But where God's children gather,
 The Comforter doth speak.

It may be for the thronging,
 His face thou canst not see—
 But thou'lt catch from lips around thee,
 The word He means for thee.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WHAT is a "Liberal Catholic?" is sometimes asked. In England it means a Catholic who votes for the Liberal party, the party which passed Catholic Emancipation, and disestablished the Protestant Irish Establishment; but which, on the other hand, is in favor of a purely secular education, and sympathizes with every revolutionary attack against the Church. Still, very many good and excellent Catholics prefer it to the Conservative or Tory party, whose chief watchwords are Church and State, and the Constitution. Yet it was the Conservative party of George III.'s time which assisted materially in restoring the Pope, Pius VII. to Rome, and which at the present time is the supporter of religious education.

The Bishops of the Province of Quebec lately gave an admirable definition of what "Liberal Catholicism" is. They say:

"The followers of this subtle error concentrate all their strength to burst the bonds

which unite the people to the Bishops, and the Bishops to the Vicar of Jesus Christ. They applaud civil authority every time it invades the sanctuary; they seek by every means to induce the faithful to tolerate if not approve of iniquitous laws—enemies so much the more dangerous, that often without even being conscious of it, they favor the most pernicious doctrines, which Pius IX. has so well described in calling them a visionary reconciliation of truth and error."

Any Catholic who favors the absolute supremacy of the State in religious matters, applauds and endorses a Bismarck or a Minghetti in their assaults upon the Church, is a "Liberal Catholic," is condemned by the Holy Father, and in great danger of making shipwreck of the faith.

Is it only a coincidence that the appearance of Mr. Gladstone's article in the *New English Church Quarterly* was so soon after followed by Sig. Minghetti's (of Italy)

speech, in which he proposed the same measures which Mr. Gladstone had suggested, viz: the election of parish priests and the creation of lay trustees of church property? It really seems as if Gladstone, Bismarck and Minghetti, in England, Germany and Italy, were allied to attack the Church, and to impede and destroy the influence of the Pope and Bishops in the government of the Church. Certainly the measures and ideas of each are remarkably alike, as far as the respective circumstances of the countries permit.

CHIEF JUSTICE DUNN, of Arizona, received his dismissal from office on December 11. In acquainting him with it, Attorney-General Pierpont informed him that he might regard his attitude on the school question as the controlling reason for his displacement!

The Catholic citizens of St. Paul, Minn., and other places have passed resolutions, protesting against this action of President Grant as an infringement of the spirit of the Constitution, which secures freedom of speech and action and liberty of conscience to all citizens.

THE excitement in reference to the Guibord matter, in Canada, has subsided, and the Quebec Legislature has passed a bill which provides that the Catholic Bishop of a diocese shall have the absolute right to say who shall or shall not be buried in a Catholic cemetery. Thus good has come out of evil, and future annoying controversies will be spared.

THE exposure by the *New York Herald* of the O. A. U. or Order of the American Union, has directed attention to the fact that a number of secret anti-Catholic societies exist in this country. This is not very creditable to the good sense of a portion of the population. A Dark Lantern Society, that is afraid to come out boldly and openly advocate its principles, betrays by its very desire for under-hand ways, a secret consciousness that its objects are not such as to command the adhesion of honorable men, and the attention of responsible statesmen. A long history might be written about secret anti-Catholic societies and organizations. They have existed in different countries, and at various periods; but they never succeeded in doing anything but promoting confusion and anarchy. All those who engaged in the Know-nothing movement lived to regret their course, and they succeeded in nothing they undertook. Catholics who are well informed, laugh at such absurd societies.

THE Senators, who hold their office for life, have just been elected in France, and amongst them Bishop Dupanloup, of Orleans, has been chosen to a seat. This famous prelate is 74 years old, and has held the See of Orleans for 27 years. He is the ablest administrator, the most vigorous writer, and the most courageous advocate of the Church amongst the French Episcopate, and he is the best known. His election is one of the many signs that have lately occurred, testifying to the Catholic reaction.

A COMMITTEE of Work on the Infallibility has been formed in Rome, of which Cardinal Berardi is the Protector, and Cardinal McCloskey the Protector for America. Its object is to prepare and cause to be distributed an oleographic picture which will set forth and explain the Infallibility of the Pope, as well as to diffuse information on this subject adapted to the capacity of the faithful.

This is certainly a useful and timely work, as there are few dogmas so clearly set forth and explained as the ex-cathedra Infallibility of the Pope, and yet on which there is so much confusion of thought, even in the minds of those who ought to know.

THE taxation of churches, proposed as an anti-Catholic measure, would result in forcing many poor and debt-burdened Protestant Churches into the market, and they would be bought by Catholics. There is not a large city in the Union, but which has some one or two churches 'built' by Protestants, and bought afterwards by Catholics. There are two in Philadelphia, and several in St. Louis, Brooklyn and New York. Of course it would be burdensome to Catholics; but then Catholics have a remarkable capacity of not only bearing burdens for conscience' sake, but of flourishing under them: as witness impoverished Ireland, who, after supporting an alien Church Establishment for years, at last threw it over, and recovered itself remarkably well.

THERE is a certain party in England who are trying to nurse "Old Catholicism" in Germany. The bantling needs it very badly. In some letters that lately passed, the German schismatics say that "very few priests come to them from the Vatican Church." They also state that they do not want any English "priests" i. e., any "Anglo-Catholic" Ritualistic priests, because they would not be well acquainted with German:—not because they have any doubt of their orders, oh! dear, no. They however require funds, and will receive English money (sover-

eigns and £100 Bank of England note (preferred to pennies) to any amount. They know that John Bull has a heavy purse; and to the credit of the old gentleman be it said, he pulls it out to aid every known object. Nothing is so wild but what English money is invested in it. But even gullible John Bull will hardly send his sovereigns, to educate German students to teach hazy German theology to a handful of half Catholic, half Protestant schismatics.

BISHOP HAVEN's nomination of President Grant for a third term is ridiculed even by the *Methodist*, an organ of his own denomination. The paper also deprecates any revival of the conflict between Boston and Charleston, as it is afraid that the supremacy of Boston might turn out to be the supremacy of Catholicity. D. A. Wasson, a Unitarian, expresses the belief that in 20 years Boston will send a Catholic delegation to Congress. A Catholic Boston and a Protestant Charleston are by no means impossibilities.

THE statue of Henry Grattan was unveiled in Dublin on the Feast of the Epiphany. This monument will commemorate an illustrious patriot and a true Irishman. It speaks volumes for the liberality of Irishmen that they honor Grattan as a patriot, and are perfectly indifferent to the fact that he was also a Protestant. While, as a people, faith and fatherland are inseparably united in their affections, yet they honor patriotism in any man.

Grattan's great triumph, the acknowledgment of the sole right of the Irish Parliament to make laws for Ireland was, it is true, short lived, as the Union of 1800 practically made Ireland a province. But the people only remember his work and his efforts for their good.

THE work on the new Cathedral of St. Patrick, New York, is rapidly progressing. The roof is finished, and there is a beautiful cross placed on the east end. Every Catholic congregation in the diocese is expected to contribute from \$700 to \$3,000 this year. In fact, money is pouring in from all parts of the city, the great capitalists are aiding, and it is determined to finish the Cathedral as soon as possible. It is the darling wish of Cardinal McCloskey to see this splendid Cathedral completed soon.

THE fame of Columbus seems to be daily more and more reviving. Not only is there a proposal to canonize him, but

a gigantic statue has lately arrived at Vera Cruz, Mexico, intended to be placed in the Great Plaza of the City of Mexico. The pedestal is so large that it will not pass through the tunnel of the railroad to that city, but will have to be hauled over the mountains by oxen.

And yet this great man, in his day, was reviled and slandered, loaded with chains, and died in comparative poverty in the land to which he had given a Continent; a continent which Spain could not keep, but scandalously misgoverned, and has now lost with the exception of Cuba; and the sooner she loses Cuba, the better for civilization and humanity.

THE confessedly imperfect statistics of Catholic education furnished in Sadlier's almanac, reveal the fact that at least 300,000 pupils are being educated by the Catholic Church in this country. 300,000 future citizens are being trained free of expense to the Government, 300,000 children are receiving a Catholic education at the cost of one portion of the community, which portion at the same time is paying its full proportion to the general funds. In the State of New Jersey there are being thus educated 21,000 pupils.

THE Irish Home Rule, partly under the leadership of Mr. Butt, will again make an effort to present the claim of Ireland to self-government before the House of Commons on its reassemblage next month. Mr. Butt will be listened to patiently, and then the old stereotyped answer will be made by some government official; a debate will follow, and on a division the motion for Home Rule will be rejected. But although all this is to be expected; although neither the Conservatives and Disraeli, nor the Liberals under Lord Hartington, nor even the advanced Liberals and Reformers, will have anything to do with Irish Home Rule; yet if the Irish people are united, and if they persevere, the attainment of success is only a question of time.

THE English papers have been commenting on the President's Message, and attach far more importance to it than it deserves. The Pall Mall Budget says, "the ecclesiastical conflict in which General Grant seeks to involve the United States is only associated with the private ambition of a successful soldier, and with the party ambition of a knot of practiced wire-pullers. The *London Times* sarcastically remarks that the President's appeal to the spirit of bigotry in the interests of peace and progress,

reminds it of the inscription of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," which is often seen on Continental buildings, half consumed or destroyed by revolutionary outbreaks. None are so fond of war as those who in the name of peace stir up bitter feelings.

THE Irish Bishops have established a Chair of Celtic studies in the Catholic University, and appointed Prof. O'Looney to occupy it. The committee is now hard at work raising funds to found prizes for proficiency in Celtic studies. They are to be called "O'Curry Exhibitions" in honor of the great Celtic scholar who first occupied the Chair of Celtic Knowledge in the University.

This long-delayed step for the advancement of Irish knowledge of their own antiquities has not been taken a moment too soon. It is to be highly commended.

THE Catholics of Erie, Pa., in public meeting assembled, have passed resolutions stating that they feel the public schools a burden; that they desire Catholic schools; that they would think a priest who could, and yet who did not, provide one for his parishoners, derelict in his duty; and that they do not desire to exclude the Bible from Protestant schools, for they think that any form of the Christian religion is better than Atheism. Bishop Mullin was gratified at this meeting (which was held without any clerical direction), and has sent the originators of it a card of thanks.

The Erie Catholics seem to have the right sort of ideas, and to express them well.

THE chapter and parish priests of the diocese of Ferns, (Wexford,) Ireland, have designated the Right Rev. Dr. Rickards, Vicar Apostolic of the Cape of Good Hope, as *Dignissimus*, signifying by this their desire for him to be their Bishop.

Dr. Rickards, whose nomination has been forwarded for approval to the Holy See, is an able and successful missionary prelate. If Africa loses him, it will be Wexford's gain.

IN the Turkish Empire (excluding Egypt, which is practically independent) there are 25,000,000 of people, and in European Turkey alone there are 11,500,000. Of this number there are only 1,500,000 Turks, and of the remaining 10,000,000, about 500,000 are Catholics. The oppression of the Turkish rule is known to be very great, and in the Herzegovina a serious insurrection is still raging. The insurgents are mostly adherents of the Greek schism, and hate Catholics almost as much as they

do the Turks; yet the Catholics suffer the same oppression. The Grand Vizier has asked the Pope to use his good offices with the Catholic insurgents, and his Holiness has directed Cardinal Franchi to inquire into the state of affairs, and to collect the opinions of the Catholic Prelates and Priests.

RENEWED efforts will be made in the forthcoming session of Parliament, to settle the questions of Irish Home Rule and Catholic University Education. Many large meetings in favor of Home Rule have been held in Ireland, but the opinions of Irish patriots seem to be divided: Some desire simple Repeal of the Union, and an Irish Parliament in College Green; others favor Mr. Butt's plan of an Irish Parliament, and also an Irish representation in the British Parliament.

Mr. Butt will introduce the questions of Home Rule, Taxation, the Cattle Trade, and the Amnesty Bill, and will leave no effort untried to secure justice for Ireland on all these points.

ARCHBISHOP LEDOCHOWSKI, who was imprisoned for his disobedience to the Falck anti-Catholic laws, will be released on the 3d of Feb. and the German Catholics are preparing to give him a grand ovation. Deputations from the Reichstag and the Landtag will wait on him and tender their congratulations, and the day will be observed as a gala day. The Archbishop of Cologne is absent from his residence, and only a few favored persons know where he is.

Events like the above are only another evidence of the foolishness of attempting to destroy spiritual authority with temporal weapons. The "depositions" by the German Government only cause the Bishops to be more and more venerated and respected by their flocks.

BISHOP DUPANLOUP is making strenuous efforts to obtain the canonization of the Maid of Orleans, Joan of Arc. Her heroic story is known to all readers of history. Having saved her country from the English invaders, she was captured, and after a mock trial, burnt in the market-place of Rouen, as a witch and sorceress. Ten years after her death the French monarch she had served and saved reversed that infamous sentence, and declared her "a martyr to her religion, her country, and her king."

It is, perhaps, doubtful, whether after so long an interval the proofs of her sanctity can be established to the satisfaction of the Roman investigators, but Joan of Arc will be always venerated by all lovers of the heroic and the good.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HISTORY OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION in Germany and Switzerland, and in England, Ireland, Scotland, the Netherlands, France and Northern Europe. In a series of Essays: reviewing D'Aubigné, Wenzel, Hallam, Bishop Short, Prescott, Ranke, Fryxell and others. In two volumes. By M. J. Spalding, D. D., Archbishop of Baltimore. Seventh edition, revised and enlarged. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy & Co. 182 Baltimore Street. 1876.

THE EVIDENCES OF CATHOLICITY. A Series of Lectures, delivered in the Cathedral of Louisville. By M. J. Spalding, D. D., Archbishop of Baltimore. Sixth edition, revised and enlarged. With an Appendix. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 182 Baltimore Street. 1876.

The exigencies of the Church in every age and country determine to a great extent its literature. If the antagonism of the world shapes itself into philosophical theories, or a heretical theology, Christian champions arise like the Church Fathers of the first ages and of mediæval times, who grapple with and refute the philosophic and theological fallacies. Does that antagonism assume the form of malicious misrepresentation of Catholic doctrines and practices, and attacks upon the rights of Catholics, there are always amongst the faithful shepherds of the true flock, those who are qualified by their eminent learning and ability for the task of exposing the misrepresentations, and maintaining the rights which are threatened.

Amongst these latter was Archbishop Spalding. Schooled first in the vigorous practical life which then characterized his native State of Kentucky, then thoroughly educated at Rome, his naturally great intellectual gifts developed in a manner which eminently fitted him for the duties which devolved upon him as a Christian apologist. His mission was to exhibit and defend Catholic truth and the Catholic Church in America, in the stormy times of the Know-nothing persecution; and both by natural character and by educational training he was well qualified for the mission.

Both of the works whose titles are at the head of this notice were called forth by the

misconceptions and misrepresentations of a time when the enemies of the Church were stirred up to special activity and special malignity. They are characterized by great vigor of thought, by great clearness and strength of statement, corroborated and conclusively proved by references and authorities gathered from an immense number of sources.

While Archbishop Spalding's works evince throughout evidence of ripe scholarship, and great research, they are remarkably free from all mere technicalities of criticism, metaphysics, and philosophy; are eminently practical, and easy of comprehension. They are therefore popular in the best sense of the word, and constitute to the Catholic layman a library from which he can draw facts and arguments to confute those who attack his faith. They are equally valuable to the learned priest as works of reference, from which in a few moments he can refresh his memory and obtain materials for practical use in any controversies he may be compelled to engage in.

CEREMONIAL for the use of Catholic churches in the United States of America, originally published by order of the First Council of Baltimore. Fourth Edition, Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1875.

This edition of the Ceremonial does not materially differ from the former ones, except in the matter of careful revision, and the addition of an appendix on "the defects which occur in the celebration of Mass." The importance of a thorough knowledge of the various ceremonies of the church, and of their careful observance on all occasions, cannot be over-estimated; for, as the author of the Preface to the present edition truthfully says: "If ecclesiastics are not well versed in the ceremonies of any sacred rite, the impression produced is far from being religious or edifying, and the intention of the Church is in this respect frustrated."

As regards the completeness and accuracy of this new revised edition of the Ceremonial, nothing need be said further than that the labor of revision has been carefully performed by the Right Rev. Thomas A. Becker, D. D., and its publication approved by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore.

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